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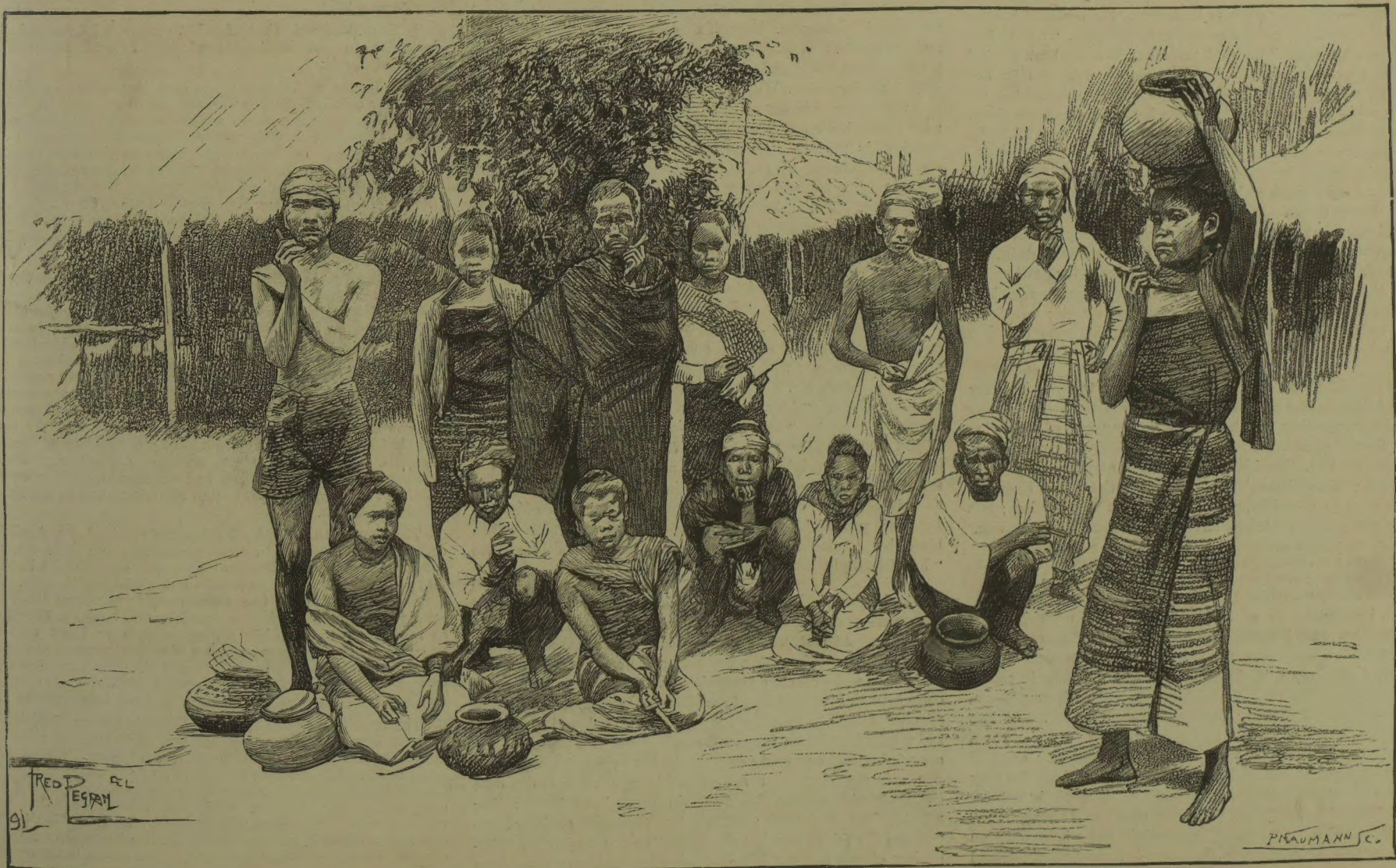
No. 2712.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



NATIVE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE 42ND GOORKHAS, ENGAGED IN THE RECENT CONFLICT IN MANIPUR.



TYPES OF MANIPURIS.

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO MANIPUR, EASTERN FRONTIER OF INDIA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Many persons have objection to French plays, on principle. They say that they are immoral and even licentious—full of *double entendre* about matters that ought not to be mentioned even singly. This I have not discovered, from the circumstance of my inability to understand one word of a French play. More cultured persons have a different experience—

Smiling they sit and call it pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in quite another measure.

Now, however, a chance has been given to the most ignorant of understanding a French play, for the actors do not speak at all. Everything is in dumb show, and yet so admirably done as to move the audience—no! the spectators—to tears. It is said that the actors owe much of their expression to having their faces floured; but I know people who might apprentice themselves to millers, and yet never attain to a speaking countenance. If the art should be generally acquired, it would make theatre-going as attractive abroad as at home, for it would not signify to what nation a company belonged if none of them ever spoke. The deaf, too, would be able to appreciate them. From the stage the practice might extend to social life. How delightful many of our after-dinner speeches would be, but for the words! How interesting it would be to follow the orator's observations in his features, and wonder (as, indeed, we often wonder now) what the deuce he means! Think of a man's being able to represent "the British Lion" and "the small end of the wedge"—always, as a great social philosopher has observed, to be found in company on the platform—by facial expression!

Before pantomime was degraded to mere "spectacle," with grinning through a horse-collar for its comedy, it could boast of masters of look and gesture. Of one of the finest actors the world has ever seen (for it never heard him) it was said by a great Italian prince, "Scaramuccia non parla, o dica gran cosa" ("Scaramouch speaks not, but he says many great things"). If "a little music in the evening" could be conducted on these principles—and that the performers can "make faces" is quite certain—the aspiration of the late Sir Cornwall Lewis would be realised, and existence would be robbed of half its terrors.

In ordinary life it is not to be expected (however occasionally desirable) that expression should supersede speech, but there have been exceptional cases where the substitution of pantomime for language even at home has been found exceedingly advantageous. A young lady who had a deaf-and-dumb brother taught her lover the sign language, which, it is possible, also came in useful on their own account. At a reasonable interval after marriage, the husband got leave to go out one night to his club. When she had wished him "Good-night," and retired to her widowed chamber, it was not the solitude she expected to find it, for a man stepped out from the window curtain, pistol in hand, and observed, "I want your jewels, and anything else valuable that comes handy." As she was collecting them with trembling fingers, and transferring them to his custody, she heard a latch-key in the front door—a noise which also reached the ears of the robber. "That is your husband! Swear to me that you will not speak to him of my presence, or I will blow your brains out!" She swore—that is, she promised by all that she held sacred—not to say one word about it. He vanished behind the curtain, and her good man entered hurriedly. "I have left my purse somewhere," he said, "and had to come back for it." They sought everywhere for the purse (which was in the robber's pocket), and after suggestion had been exhausted, "I must trouble you, my dear," said the husband, "to come down into the drawing-room, and help me look for it." When he returned, it was with a couple of policemen, besides the butler (he stood outside: he said his duty was to "wait"). The robber was very angry with the lady for having, as he thought, broken her promise. But she had done nothing of the sort. She had never said one word about him, but only talked with her fingers. "There's a man behind the window curtain, my dear, with a pistol: you must find some excuse for getting me out of the room." Up to that time she had always regretted that her dear little brother was deaf and dumb; but from henceforth she recognised how everything happens (for *us*) for the best.

Next to the proud position of being able to "speak every civilised language, and also German," even though you may "never say anything worth hearing in any one of them," is surely that of speaking a tongue which nobody else can understand but oneself. This is the case with a young lady lately resident in Marylebone Workhouse. All the great linguists tried her. The chaplain, of course, did his best for her; but nobody could discover where she came from, or what she was.

Had she a father, had she a mother,
Had she a sister, had she a brother?
Or was there a nearer one still, and a dearer one
Yet than all other?

It was impossible to say. They tried her with Russian and Prussian and French and Swedish and Romany ("not well tried," however, says the report: in consequence of Mr. Smith of Coalville's Bill, there seems to be a difficulty in catching a gipsy); "they tried her with smiles and with soap"—no, with Yiddish and Polish; but she took no polish. At last these learned persons came to the conclusion that she was a Lithuanian. In the meantime one might have been excused for suspecting that she could talk very good English, for they discovered that she called teeth "dantice" (which is not far off), and nose "noses" (which is very near), and though, it is true, she called milk "pianos," that might have been only an eccentric form of synonym. I believe it is now all right, and that the young lady's nationality has really been identified, but one cannot but remember that the British public has a tendency to be gulled by "unknown tongues."

The most remarkable example of this was no doubt the young gentleman who called himself George Psalmanazar. At sixteen years of age he hit upon the ingenious device of passing for a Formosan, "an ideal people of his own creation." He not only invented a new character and language but a grammar, a novel division of the year into twenty months, and a new religion, from which he converted himself to Christianity. A more humorous dog never existed. He was baptised by the Bishop of London (Compton), and made an enormous sensation in religious circles. Caressed and made much of though he was, he never forgot his rôle, but "lived upon raw flesh, roots, and herbs," as in Formosa. This formed the groundwork of many scientific treatises upon natural and acquired tastes. His digestion must have been as powerful as his imagination. His alphabet, like that of the Hebrews, was written from left to right, and puzzled the philologists pretty considerably. He was engaged by the ecclesiastical authorities to translate the Church Catechism into the Formosan dialect, and accomplished the task to admiration. Then he was sent to Oxford to be educated, where he wrote "The History of Formosa," which went into a second edition in a fortnight. It is probable that no historian, ancient or modern, was ever quite so great a liar. There were discrepancies in it, however, and also in his own history, which eventually caused this gentleman to be found out: not, however, before he had imposed, among other people, upon Dr. Johnson, who had, we are told, a "profound respect for him." The facility with which he learned English is described as "quite remarkable." What is most curious of all, these little peccadilloes were quite forgiven him; and, during a long life, he maintained himself with great respectability by his pen. He was "concerned in many works of credit," especially the "Universal History," where, however, it is probable someone else did the account of Formosa.

The influenza microbe has been captured by a physician of Chicago, perhaps with a butterfly-net, but at all events "in the open air." It has, we are told, been placed under a microscope, and identified with a microbe taken from an influenza patient. To the lay and ordinary mind there seems no great reason for triumph in this discovery. There are plenty of specimens procurable in the hospitals, and one sees no cause for congratulation in the fact that they are also to be found outside them—blowing about. Is it not about time to have done with microbes? The talk about them in medical circles has for years been unceasing, yet nobody seems any the better for it. "To give a name to what they cannot cure" may be a satisfaction to our physicians, but what their patients would much prefer is a remedy.

Everybody who has a taste for literature has read, or is reading, "A Publisher and his Friends"—a work which will be found discussed from the publisher's standpoint in another column. It is admitted upon all hands to be full of interest, but someone has commented upon its want of humour. "In a lease of three lives," he writes, "room should have been found for one joke." This gentleman must surely have "skipped" those pages which contain the initial correspondence between "the Anak of Publishers" and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The poet-philosopher has hitherto had no great reputation for fun, but in his business transactions it now appears that he was full of it. These are the terms in which he addresses himself upon the occasion of offering a work for the first time to a publisher personally unknown to him. "Language is the sacred Fire in the Temple of Humanity, and the Muses are its especial and vestal Priestesses. Though I cannot prevent the vile drugs and counterfeit Frankincense which render its flame at once pitchy, glowing, and unsteady, I would yet be no voluntary accomplice in the Sacrilege. With the commencement of a Public, commences the degradation of the Good and Beautiful—both fade and retire before the accidentally Agreeable." I know of nothing in modern literature to compare with the above, except the address of the L.L. in the brown wig to Mr. Elijah Pogram. "Mind and matter glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Hails the sublime and softly sleeps the calm Ideal in the whispering chambers of Imagination." But the L.L. was not proposing a business arrangement to a publisher, which Coleridge was. Poor Mr. Murray no doubt wondered what on earth all this had to do with a translation of "Faust," but it had something. "I thought it right to state to you these opinions of mine . . . that you might know it was painful, very painful, and even odious to me, to attempt anything of a literary nature with any motive of pecuniary advantage." At this juncture Mr. Murray probably said "Oh!" and began to see daylight. "An all-wise Providence has compelled me," continues the poet, "to bring even my intellect to the market. If you will mention your terms," &c. The excellent Harold Skimpole (the original of whom afterwards appears on the scene) is really nowhere in comparison with S. T. C. In reply to this amazing epistle Mr. Murray "ventures to offer one hundred pounds" for the translation, and Coleridge writes back by return of post his opinion that such terms are "humiliatingly low."

Lord Byron, in his way, seems to have been quite as queer a customer—from the commercial point of view—to deal with as Coleridge. At first, nothing will induce him to take a shilling for his poetry—it is such a low thing to do. Then he sells a copyright, and gives the proceeds to a friend; then he gives a copyright to his publisher, takes it away again, and gives it to another friend. Because his "Ode to Napoleon" proved a failure, he flies into a fury, and resolves "to buy back all his copyrights, and suppress every line he has ever written. . . . If you ask my reasons, I have none to give except my own caprice." Altogether, his lordship must have been rather "trying" to deal with; though ten thousand copies of the "Corsair" sold on the day of publication was no doubt a mitigating circumstance. The Ettrick Shepherd was also kittle cattle for a publisher to manage. He had an idea (not wholly extinct among authors) that his works were not sufficiently advertised. Walter Scott, with his dry common-sense and

methodical business habits, must have been welcomed like a breath of fresh air in that too poetical atmosphere in Albemarle Street.

Upon the vexed question of half-profits there is an interesting statement made by Mr. Murray apropos of Mr. Croker's "Stories from the History of England," the success of which suggested Scott's "Tales of my Grandfather." "For Mr. Croker's book, selling for half a crown, if I had offered twenty guineas, he would have thought it liberal. However, I printed it to divide profits, and he has already received from me the moiety of £1400." This is very conclusive, of course, as regards the case in question; but, as Mr. Murray himself adds, "Woful experience convinces me that not more than one publication in fifty (*sic*) has a sale sufficient to defray its expenses," which is surely reason sufficient why a needy author, unknown to fame, should prefer having money down. The "one in fifty" seems a strange statement indeed (and I shall be rather curious to hear what Mr. Walter Besant thinks about it), though in the days in question there were probably greater risks in publication than at present.

HOME NEWS.

Her Majesty is to arrive at Balmoral on Friday, May 22, for a stay of four weeks.

The royal visitors are taking constant drives in the picturesque neighbourhood of Grasse. To the Sub-Prefect and the local physician, who, with their wives, were invited to take tea with the Queen on April 2, her Majesty expressed the pleasure she was deriving from her sojourn.

After divine service on April 5 the Queen drove to St. Vallier, nine miles from Grasse, whence a splendid view is obtained.

The Queen is to hold a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on May 5 or 6.

The Prince of Wales leaves Sandringham for the season on April 14, when he will proceed to Newmarket for the Craven Meeting; and on April 16 he comes to town, and the Princess will arrive from Norfolk on the same day.

Prince Henry of Battenberg was indisposed, says the *World*, before the Queen left Windsor, and on the last two nights of her Majesty's stay at the castle he was unable to join the dinner-party in the Oak Room. The Prince is now convalescent, but he ran a serious risk in travelling from Windsor to Grasse under such circumstances.

The Empress Frederick and Princess Margaret of Prussia left Buckingham Palace on April 8 en route for Homburg. The distinguished travellers embarked at Sheerness on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert for Flushing.

The installation of Lord Dufferin to the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University took place on April 6. President Donaldson presided, and a large and distinguished company was present. Lord Dufferin's address, which occupied six columns of the *Times*, was a model of literary style, and full of inspiring suggestion on the conduct of life.

Mr. Gladstone commenced his Easter holiday at St. Leonards, and after Lord Granville's funeral continued it at Brighton, until April 9, when the right hon. gentleman returned to London.

The remains of the late Earl Granville were interred in the family vault at Stone, Staffordshire, on April 4. Two wreaths had been sent by the Queen from Grasse, and all the members of the royal family and many of the aristocracy forwarded floral tributes of esteem. Several political colleagues of the deceased nobleman attended the funeral; others, including Mr. Gladstone, were present at a special service held at the hour of the interment at St. James's Chapel Royal. Personal representatives of the Queen and the royal family were at this service, which was also attended by Countess Granville and her daughters. At the parish church, Walmer, a funeral service was held.

It is understood that Lord Spencer will succeed Lord Granville in the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords.

The House of Commons resumed its sittings on April 6, and early on that day Sir James Fergusson gave an account of the Manipur disaster, in which he stated that our troops went to Manipur to place the government of the State on a proper footing. In Supply, the usual debate was raised by Mr. Labouchere on the vote of £30,710 for the maintenance of the royal palaces and of Marlborough House, the special objects of attack being Kensington Palace, Kew Palace, and the charge for admittance to Holyrood. These votes, however, and others in the same class, were all agreed to by very large majorities.

On Tuesday the chief subjects were the Savings Banks Bill and two measures relating to the sanitation of London—one a consolidation of the present Acts, and one a very useful amendment of them, with the curious blot on it that the householder is to be required to clear away the snow before his door—an archaic suggestion which was vigorously resisted from both sides of the House. Mr. Ritchie moved the second reading of the two Bills in a speech distinguished, as usual, by clearness and good sense. At the evening sitting a curious accident occurred. No Conservative was present at nine o'clock, and the result was that half a dozen orders, including the Rating of Machinery Bill, were run through without opposition. At six minutes past nine the House had adjourned, amid a roar of laughter, having, perhaps, beaten its own record in the line of rapid legislation.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer received, on April 7, a deputation of brewers, licensed victuallers, and distillers, who complained that the additional beer and spirit duties imposed last year had not been devoted to diminishing licenses. Mr. Goschen replied that the Government regretted that his scheme was not as a whole adopted by the House of Commons, and he quoted from his Budget speech to show that the purchase of licenses was only one of several purposes to which the additional duties were to be devoted. The fact that there had again been a considerable increase in the amount of spirits consumed tended to show that they had not been overtaxed.

The membership of the Royal Commission on Capital and Labour is understood to be all but complete. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir John Gorst will represent the Government; Mr. Mundella and Mr. Henry Fowler, the front Opposition Bench—all admirable selections. Mr. Davitt was suggested—not, however, with his consent—as the Irish representative, in a joint letter to Mr. Smith by Mr. Sexton and Mr. McCarthy, but Mr. Smith declined to appoint him, on account of his political opinions. Mr. Davitt has declined to enter Parliament, on the ground that he could not take the oath of allegiance; and this is Mr. Smith's reason for refusing to submit his name to the Queen as a "trustworthy and well-beloved" subject and adviser.

FRAGMENTS OF THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH
HEXAMETER VERSE.

BY GEORGE MURDITH.

ILIAD, B. I. V. 149.

THE INVECTIVE OF ACHILLES.

"Heigh me! brazen of front, thou glutton for plunder, how can one,
 Servant here to thy mandates, heed thee among our Achaians,
 Either the mission hie on or stoutly do fight with the
 foemen?
 I, not hither I fared on account of the spear-armed Trojans,
 Pledged to the combat; they unto me have in nowise a harm
 done;
 Never have they, of a truth, come lifting my horses or oxen;
 Never in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurser of heroes, my harvests
 Ravaged, they; for between us is numbered full many a
 darksome
 Mountain, ay, therewith too the stretch of the windy sea-
 waters.
 O hugely shameless! thee did we follow to hearten thee,
 justice
 Pluck from the Dardans for him, Menelaos, for thee too, thou
 dog-eyed!
 Whereof little thy thought is, nought whatever thou reckest.
 Worse, it is thou whose threat 'tis to ravish my prize from me,
 portion
 Won with much labour, the which my gift from the sons of
 Achaia.
 Never, in sooth, have I known my prize equal thine when
 Achaians
 Gave some flourishing populous Trojan town up to pillage.
 Nay, sure, mine were the hands did most in the storm of the
 combat,
 Yet when came peradventure share of the booty amongst us,
 Bigger to thee went the prize, and while I some small blessed
 thing bore
 Off to the ships, my share of reward for my toil in the blood-
 shed!
 So now go I to Phthia, for better by much it beseems me
 Homeward go with my beaked ships now, and I hold not in
 prospect,
 I being outraged, thou mayst gather here plunder and wealth-
 store."

V. 225.

"Bibber besotted, with scowl of a cur, having heart of a deer,
 thou!
 Never to join to thy warriors armed for the press of the
 conflict,
 Never for ambush forth with the princeliest sons of Achaia,
 Dared thy soul, for to thee that thing would have looked as
 a death-stroke.
 Sooth, more easy it seems, down the lengthened array of
 Achaians,
 Snatch at the prize of the one whose voice has been lifted
 against thee.
 Ravening king of the folk, for that thou hast thy rule over
 abjects;
 Else, son of Atreus, now were this outrage on me thy last one.
 Nay, but I tell thee, and I do swear a big oath on it likewise:
 Yea, by the sceptre here, and it surely bears branches and
 leaf-buds
 Never again, since first it was lopped from its trunk on the
 mountains,
 No more sprouting; for round it all clean has the sharp metal
 clipped off
 Leaves and the bark; ay, verily now do the sons of Achaia,
 Guardian hands of the counsels of Zeus, pronouncing the
 judgement,
 Hold it aloft; so now unto thee shall the oath have its
 portent;
 Loud will the cry for Achilles burst from the sons of Achaia
 Throughout the army, and thou chafe powerless, though in an
 anguish,
 How to give succour when vast crops down under man-slaying
 Hector
 Tumble expiring; and thou deep in thee shalt tear at thy
 heart-strings,
 Rage-wrung, thou, that in nought thou didst honour the
 flower of Achaians."

ILIAD, B. II. V. 455.

MARSHALLING OF THE ACHAIANS.

Like as a terrible fire feeds fast on a forest enormous,
 Up on a mountain height, and the blaze of it radiates round-
 far,
 So on the bright blest arms of the host in their march did the
 splendour
 Glean wide round through the circle of air right up to the
 sky-vault.
 They, now, as when swarm thick in the air multitudinous
 winged flocks,
 Be it of geese or of cranes or the long-necked troops of the
 wild-swans,
 Off that Asian mead, by the flow of the waters of Kaystros;
 Hither and yon fly they, and rejoicing in pride of their pinions,
 Clamour, shaped to their ranks, and the mead all about them
 resoundeth;
 So those numerous tribes from their ships and their shelter-
 ings poured forth
 On that plain of Scamander, and horrible rumbled beneath
 them
 Earth to the quick-paced feet of the men and the tramp of the
 horse-hooves.
 Stopped they then on the fair-flower'd field of Scamander, their
 thousands
 Many as leaves and the blossoms born of the flowerful season.
 Even as countless hot-pressed flies in their multitudes traverse,

Clouds of them, under some herdsman's wonning, where then
 are the milk-pails
 Also, full of their milk, in the bountiful season of springtime;
 Even so thickly the long-haired sons of Achaia the plain held,
 Prompt for the dash at the Trojan host, with the passion to
 crush them.
 Those, likewise, as the goatherds, eyeing their vast flocks of
 goats, know
 Easily one from the other when all get mixed o'er the pasture,
 So did the chieftains rank them here there in their places for
 onslaught,
 Hard on the push of the fray; and among them King
 Agamemnon,
 He, for his eyes and his head, as when Zeus glows glad in his
 thunder,
 He with the girdle of Ares, he with the breast of Poseidon.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE LORD GRANVILLE.

Lord Granville's personal characteristics have been the theme
 of many pens since his death. Perhaps the part which he
 played in social life endeared him more to his contemporaries
 than his long, and fairly successful, tenure of the Foreign
 Office. As he relates himself, he was in the habit of taking
 the chair at all sorts of gatherings so often that he obtained
 the nickname of "Père la Chaise." His perfect dignity, know-
 ledge of the world, as well as his exquisitely felicitous
 faculty of speech, made him perhaps the best chairman in
 England. He seemed made for such offices as Warden
 of the Cinque Ports and Chancellor of the University of
 London. As a platform orator he was deficient in fire and
 impressiveness. His real place was in the House of Lords,
 where he excelled in adroit party speeches and in little "asides"
 exactly suited to the temper of his audience, and yet full of
 point. He had two difficult tasks in life—the succeeding of
 Lord Palmerston as Foreign Minister, and the leading of a
 small and diminishing minority in the House of Lords. To
 both of them he brought his chief distinguishing quality—
 tact. He was a poor peer, a large part of the earlier fortune
 of his house having been spent before his time. Since
 1840 he was almost constantly in the public employment. He
 was three times Foreign Secretary—in 1851, 1870, and 1880;
 twice Colonial Secretary—in 1868 and 1886; and twice Lord
 President of the Council.

THE LATE MR. JOHN HOLMS.

The death of Mr. John Holms removes a politician of some
 little weight in his day. He was overshadowed by
 his greater colleague in the representation of the
 old borough of Hackney—
 Mr. Fawcett, who was
 his companion in Mr.
 Gladstone's Government
 of 1880 to 1885. He had
 a good presence, was
 an incisive speaker, and
 his strong, clean-shaven
 face suggested the clear-
 headed man of affairs
 that he was. His
 periodical appearances
 with Mr. Fawcett before
 his Hackney constitu-
 ents were always the
 occasion of some in-
 structive political speak-
 ing. He wrote one or
 two small works on
 military questions, in which he was interested, and he filled
 with credit the offices of a Junior Lord of the Treasury and
 Secretary to the Board of Trade.



THE LATE MR. J. HOLMS.

THE NEW M.P. FOR NORTH SLIGO.

The election for the Northern Division of the County of
 Sligo, in which Mr.
 Parnell engaged with
 great personal activity,
 resulted in the declara-
 tion of the poll on
 Friday, April 3, show-
 ing 3261 votes for
 Alderman Colliery, the
 candidate of the Irish
 Nationalist Party fol-
 lowing Mr. Justin
 McCarthy and Mr. T.
 Healy, against 2493
 votes for Alderman V.
 Dillon, the Parnellite
 candidate.
 The new M.P., Alder-
 man Bernard Colliery, is
 a wholesale grocer and
 wine-merchant at
 Sligo, and a native of
 that town.



MR. BERNARD COLLERY, M.P.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT
 PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: The Manipur Disaster, Palm Sunday
 at Grasse, Siberian Sketches, Edinburgh Parliament Hall, The
 Census, Mr. Pinero at Home, Civil War in Chile.

The world of art in England, as well as in France, will
 learn with regret that Philippe Pavy de Charentais died of
 consumption at Mentone, on March 25, at the early age of
 thirty-four. Philippe Pavy, as he always signed his pictures,
 was regarded by artists and connoisseurs as destined to be one
 of the very foremost of genre painters, and his work was
 highly prized and eagerly sought after by English collectors,
 to whom he was well known. He was a pupil of Meissonier,
 and had, like his master, wonderful force and finish in detail,
 while for depth and richness of colour his compatriots have
 likened him to their great painter Diaz. His work hung often
 on the Academy walls, and a large picture of his, "The
 Sacred Lions," was engraved in these pages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There is a report current in Berlin that Chancellor von Caprivi
 has informed Lord Salisbury that Germany will abandon
 Damaraland and Namaqualand, should the Anglo-German
 syndicate not succeed in raising the capital needed for its
 purposes. There is little chance of the money being raised in
 England, for obvious reasons, but it does not follow that
 Germany will give up its South-West African colony without
 getting something in exchange; and the question arises, What
 compensation does she expect? Besides, a few weeks ago,
 Chancellor von Caprivi, in the German Parliament, mentioned
 twelve months' delay as being necessary before a decision was
 come to, and it is only a few days since the *Reichsanzeiger*
 disputed the claims of Mr. R. Lewis, an English gentleman to
 whom Kamaherero gave the exclusive right of working mines
 and building railways in Damaraland. Of course, all this may
 be done with the object of obtaining better terms when the
 time comes, but, if so, the device is a transparent one.

If there is one thing more unlikely than any other that
 can be thought of, it is the probability of Italy going to
 war with the United States over the New Orleans lynching
 case. The Americans know it, and so do the Italians. But
 that is no reason why the Italian Government should not
 mark in the most emphatic manner, compatible with diplomatic
 usage and the maintenance of friendly relations with the
 United States, its sense of the wrong inflicted upon Italy by
 the brutal murder of a few Italian subjects who had been
 acquitted by the New Orleans jury. For, in the eyes of the
 law, the Italians who were done to death were murdered, and
 technically and legally Italy is absolutely in the right, and
 she has no more to do with the peculiarities of the American
 Constitution, which does not enable the Federal Government
 to bring pressure to bear on the Louisiana authorities, than
 the French Government with the no less peculiar relations
 between England and her colonies when it is a question of
 enforcing the execution of treaties, as in the case of Newfound-
 land, for instance. It is clear that Italy asked simply—1, that
 the lynchers should be brought to justice; 2, that compensation
 should be given to the relatives of the murdered men, and that
 she did not ask the "punishment" of the murderers as under-
 stood by Mr. Blaine. Surely there is nothing unreasonable
 in the demands of the Marquis di Rudini, and had American
 citizens been the victims of Italian lynchings the United States
 Government would have acted precisely in the same way.
 Possibly the United States Government will recognise the
 principle that the relatives of the victims are entitled to com-
 pensation, and the lynchers will be tried, which will satisfy
 Italy.

A further Anglo-Italian arrangement has been concluded,
 by which the respective spheres of influence of Italy and
 Great Britain in East Africa, between the Blue Nile and the
 Red Sea, have been delimited. Italy's sphere of influence
 is to be bounded by a line drawn from Famaki through Bisha
 to Ras Kasar, on the Red Sea. The importance of the agree-
 ment just concluded lies in the fact that Italy has obtained
 the right of occupying Kassala for strategic purposes, if
 necessary, but on condition, however, that she will surrender
 that place to Egypt, should the latter require it. This is a
 concession which Signor Crispi could not obtain, and which
 has been granted to his successor, whose prestige will thereby
 be considerably enhanced, while his Cabinet will now enjoy
 greater authority. The Marquis di Rudini is to be congratu-
 lated on having successfully brought to an issue delicate
 negotiations which had baffled the skill of his predecessor, and
 at the same time strengthened his position. On the other
 hand, it is believed that ere long there may be some difficulties
 in the same region between Italy and Russia, owing to the
 latter's alleged designs on Abyssinia.

Russia, again, is supposed to be at the bottom of the Bul-
 garian difficulty, and M. Stambouloff, who has himself inter-
 viewed in their cells the various prisoners arrested in con-
 nection with the murder of M. Beltecheff, has, it is said,
 acquired the conviction that the Russian Ambassador at Con-
 stantinople, M. de Nelidoff, held in his hands the threads of
 the conspiracy. Everything happens, no doubt; at the same
 time, it is hard to believe that Russian diplomatists and officials
 are actually plotting against M. Stambouloff, and, if they did,
 and were to be credited with such dark deeds, it would be no
 more than justice to give them credit also for a fair modicum
 of intelligence. As to Major Bendereff, who was supposed to
 be flitting about from Russia to Roumania, and from Roumania
 to Serbia and Bulgaria, it turns out that he has not been out-
 side Russia for at least twelve months; and a correspondent
 actually saw and spoke to him in St. Petersburg a few days
 ago. Unless, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, M. Bendereff can be
 in two places at the same time, or unless he has a "double,"
 he must be acquitted at least of being in the Balkan States at
 the time of the murder of M. Beltecheff.

The 5th of April has come and gone, and Prince
 Ferdinand is still ruler of Bulgaria and Governor of Eastern
 Roumelia. His term of office as Governor of Eastern
 Roumelia, in the room of Prince Alexander of Batten-
 berg, who was appointed for five years, from April 5,
 1886, expired on April 5 last; and it was feared, in some
 quarters, that the Russian Government would ask that a suc-
 cessor should be nominated by the Porte. That would have
 been raising the whole Bulgarian question, as, according to the
 arrangement of 1886, the Prince of Bulgaria is the Governor
 of Eastern Roumelia. Fortunately for Prince Ferdinand, his
 legal title has never been recognised by the Powers, and their
 negative attitude towards him is his main support. For, as
 they are unable to agree on a suitable candidate for the throne
 of Bulgaria, the *de facto* ruler enjoys comparative security of
 tenure. He is ignored by the Powers, and will continue to be
 so ignored until they agree on removing him and nominating
 another Prince—a remote chance indeed, so that, for the present,
 and until some Power resorts to means other than diplomatic
 to bring about a change, Prince Ferdinand is safe enough.

The International Congress of Miners, which recently met
 in Paris, has concluded its labours, and, after considerable
 difficulty, agreed upon a resolution to the effect that a general
 strike may become necessary to obtain an eight-hours day, but
 at the same time, before resorting to such an extreme measure,
 calling upon the Governments of the countries represented
 at the Congress to agree to a convention establishing a
 legal eight-hours day in mines by international legislation.
 A second resolution, moved by a Belgian delegate, pledged the
 miners of all countries to support a Belgian national strike of
 miners, and was enthusiastically carried. A third resolution
 was adopted re-electing the existing international committee,
 and empowering it to draw up statutes for the Miners' In-
 ternational Federation. This last resolution is perhaps the most
 momentous of all, for it creates an international organisation
 of miners wielding considerable powers, and likely to exercise
 a tremendous influence in national and international trade
 disputes. The strength of such a body is immense: it remains
 to be seen whether it will be used for good or for evil.

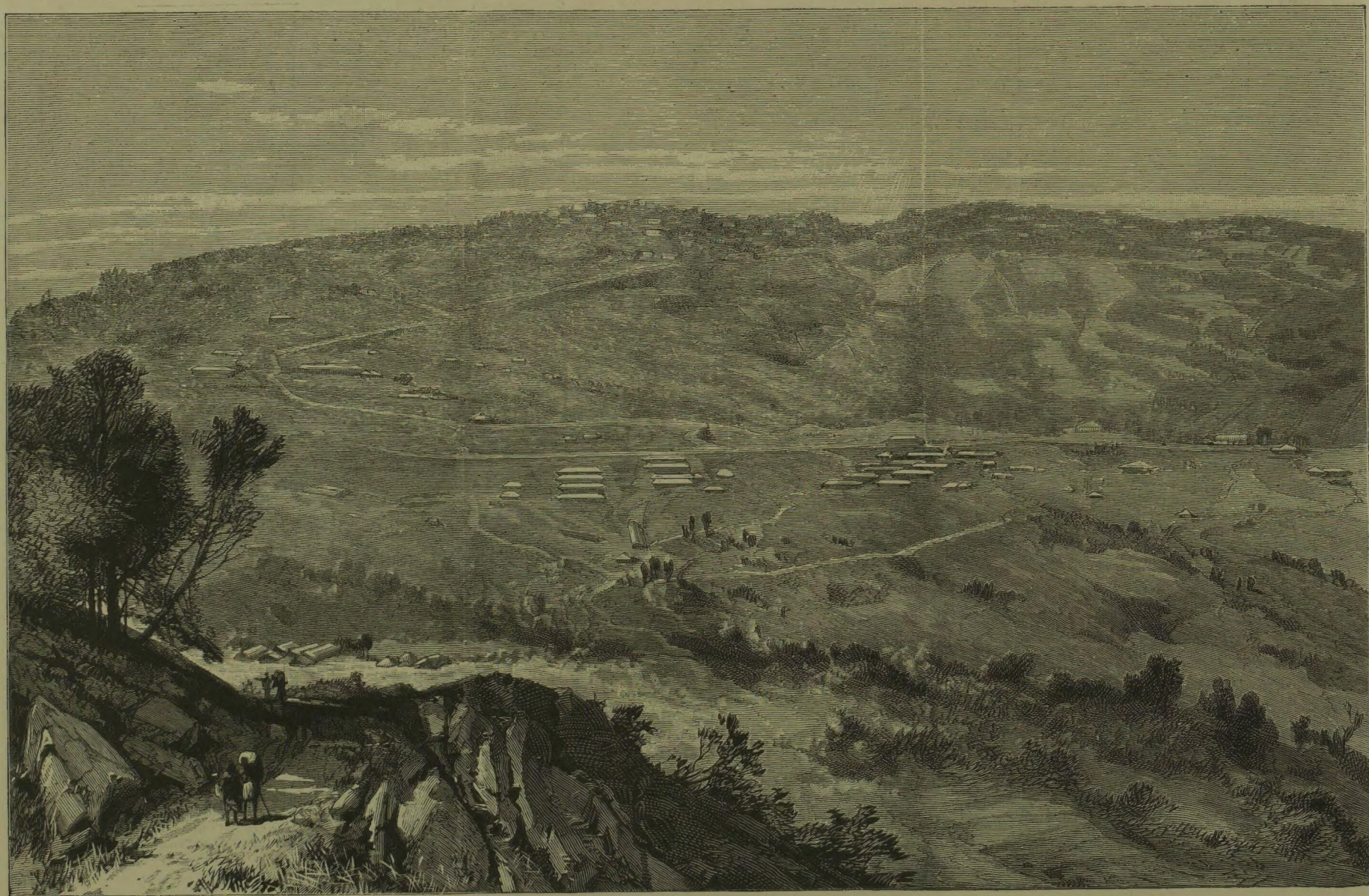


NAGAS OF KOHIMA, ON THE BORDER OF MANIPUR.

The military disaster in Manipur, related last week, has proved not so great as was supposed. The Goorkhas, detachments of the 42nd, 43rd, and 44th Bengal Regiments, forming the escort of Mr. J. W. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner of Assam, were indeed overpowered by the Manipuris, after two days' fighting, March 24 and March 25, and were put to flight; but over 220 escaped the slaughter, with most of their English officers. Lieutenant Brackenbury, however, is known to have died of his wounds. Mr. Quinton, Colonel Skene, commanding the escort; Mr. F. St. Clair Grimwood, British Political Agent in Manipur; Mr. Cossins, secretary to the Chief Commissioner; and Lieutenant Simpson, were treacherously made prisoners

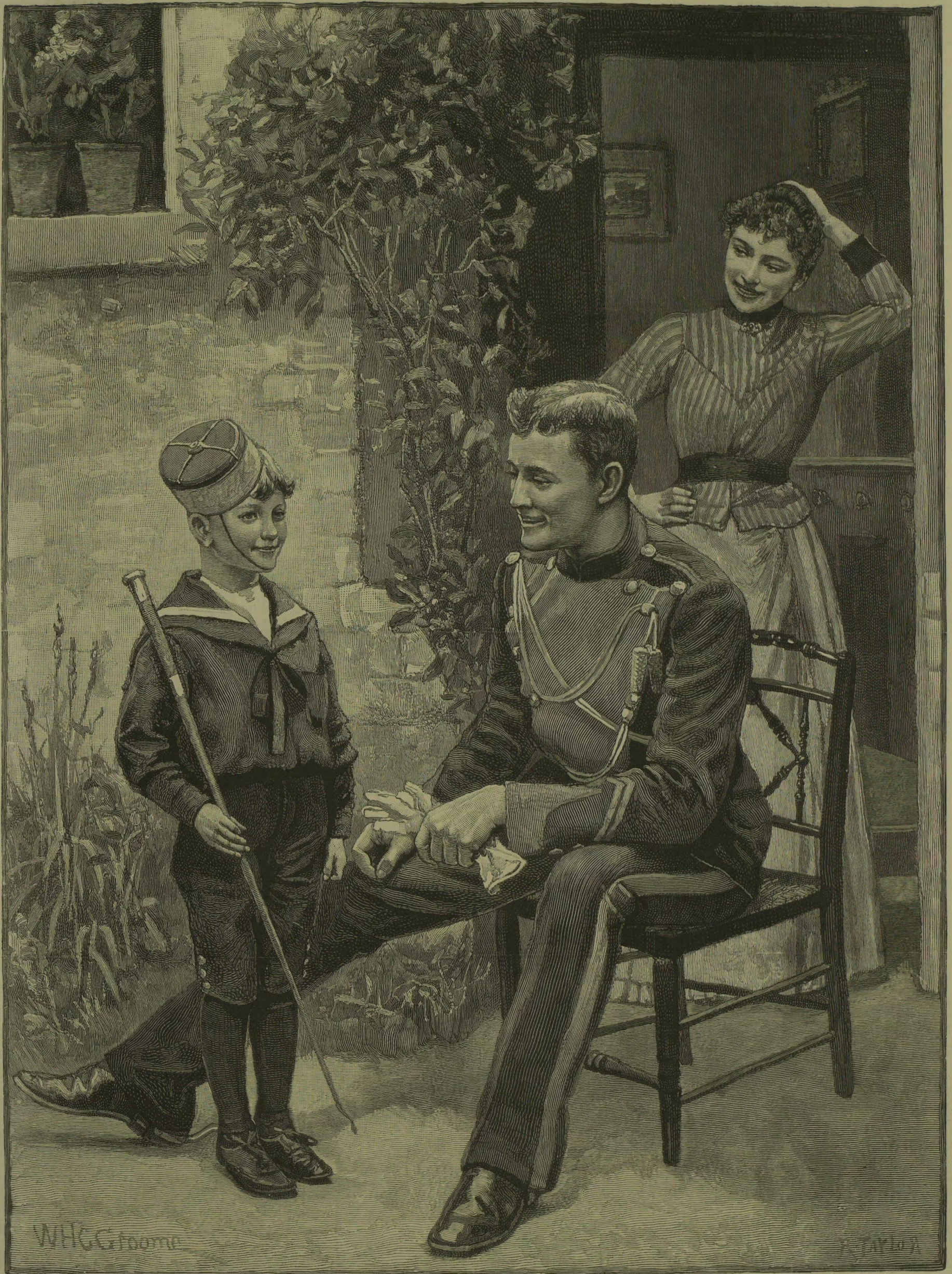
at the British Residency; but Mrs. Grimwood was enabled to get away in safety. The conflict began at the Residency, after an attempt by Colonel Skene to arrest the Regent, called the Senaputty, a brother of the lawful Maharajah deposed last year, when another brother, the Jubraj, or heir-apparent, was placed on the throne. It appears that Mr. Quinton, on his arrival at Manipur, on March 22, summoned a durbar. As the Jubraj alone appeared, Mr. Quinton refused to receive him. The same afternoon Mr. Grimwood had an interview with the Jubraj in the palace. Next day the Senaputty again failed to appear: Mr. Grimwood had a further interview with the Jubraj, and intimated to him that the Government

would not recognise him as Maharajah unless he surrendered the Senaputty, and would effect the arrest of the latter by force. As this demand was not complied with, Colonel Skene attempted to seize the Senaputty in the palace before dawn on the 24th, and fighting began at once. The strength of the Goorkha escort, added to the ordinary guard of the Residency, would be about 550 men; while the forces of the Senaputty, in and around the palace, are estimated at 6000. The Residency was twice shelled for several hours in the night. Mr. Quinton, Mr. Grimwood, and Colonel Skene, with the other two, were captured early in the evening of the first day, when an armistice had been agreed to, and when



KOHIMA, THE BRITISH MILITARY STATION IN ASSAM, ON THE BORDER OF MANIPUR.

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO MANIPUR, EASTERN FRONTIER OF INDIA.



A RECRUIT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN.

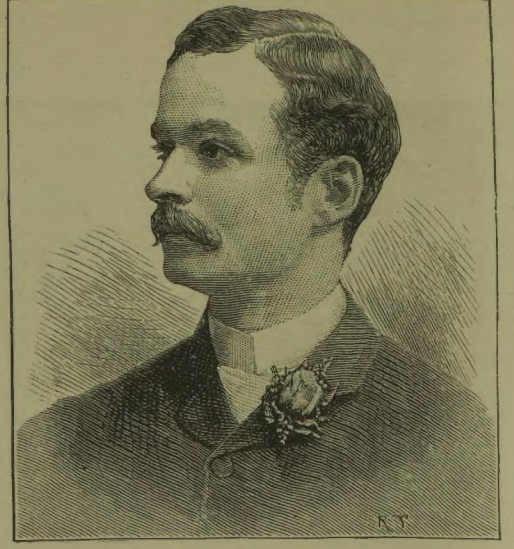
BY W. H. GROOME.

they had gone out, by invitation, to meet and confer with the Maharajah. The garrison of the Residency held out till their ammunition was spent, then abandoned the place, still fighting, retreated all day on the 25th, and met Captain Cowley's detachment on the morning of the 26th. The retreat was continued in good order to Gherighat, on the Cachar frontier. Some of the wounded were brought with the party. Over 300 men were killed or missing. A consultation was held about returning to the rescue of the prisoners, but it was decided that it was impossible, owing to want of food and ammunition.

The military expedition now on its way, to assert the authority of the British Indian Empire in Manipur, enters that small semi-independent hill State by two different routes; the one from the north, at Kohima, the British military station in the Naga Hills, south of Assam; the other from Tummo, or Tamu, on the Manipur River, within the western frontier of Upper Burmah. That river, as shown by the map, flows southward to join the Chindwin, a tributary of the Irrawaddy, already familiar to the officers of our Burmese frontier who have been engaged in hostilities with the Chin tribes, and frequently mentioned in this Journal. The capital of Manipur, sometimes called the Imbhal, is situated halfway between Tamu (Tummo), to the south-east, and Kohima, to the north, distant from either place about sixty miles. In the meantime, a prompt and serviceable exploit has been performed by Lieutenant A. Grant, of the 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas, who, on March 31, captured Fort Thobal on his march from Tamu, with eighty-five men, to relieve the prisoners at Manipur. His force consisted of thirty Goorkhas and fifty military police, now belonging to the 10th Burmah



MRS. F. ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD.

MR. F. ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD,
POLITICAL AGENT AT MANIPUR.

is enclosed by a mud wall and ditch quite as defensible as many an intrenchment. At the rear (west) is a river, on the opposite bank of which is the road to Cachar and Langthobal, and between the river and the Residency enclosure are villages inhabited by Nagas and others attached to the Residency. In front (east) is the palace, to the north the public polo-ground, to the south villages. Langthobal, lately occupied as a military cantonment, is three miles and a half to the south of the capital: on an open plain, and to the south, are the ruins of an old capital, with its gardens and groves. The road to Tamu in Upper Burmah runs by Langthobal, and nine miles and a half farther on passes Thobal, captured by Lieutenant Grant.

We present Views of the Manipur Residency and the late British cantonments at Langthobal, also of Mao Thana, to the north, and Fort Thobal, to the south of Manipur; and groups or figures of the Nagas at Kohima, who are of the Augami clan, an athletic and warlike race of mountaineers, but now peacefully behaved since the garrison was established there in 1878. For the use of photographs of these subjects we are indebted to Colonel A. T. Davis, residing at Bexley; Mr. C. E. Tremearne, Mansion House Chambers, Queen Victoria Street; and Lieutenant N. H. C. Dickinson, 1st Battalion Prince of Wales's (Leinster) Regiment, who served three years with the 44th Goorkhas in Burmah, Manipur, and the Naga Hills.

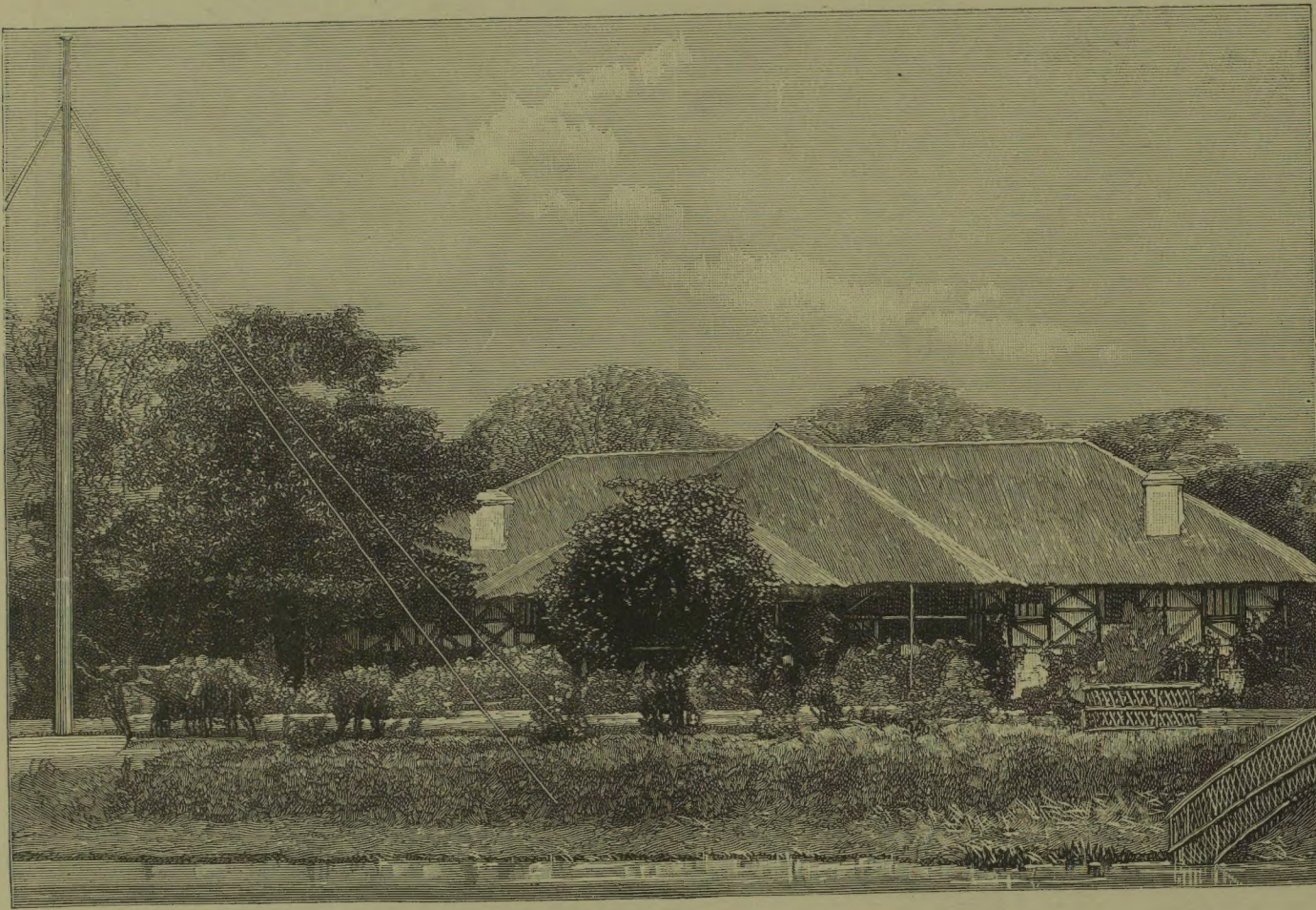
THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Possibly on the principle that there is luck in odd numbers, Mr. Charles Wyndham has for the third time drawn a bow at a venture, and given us an old comedy in the Criterion manner. This time it is Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and if all the acting were as good as the Charles Surface of Mr. Wyndham himself there would be little reason to find fault. The old comedy literally went to sleep until Mr. Wyndham came on the stage. Sir Benjamin Backbite was fitfully amusing, it is true, though they spoiled one of his best scenes by a piece of business, original, no doubt, but incomprehensible. In the new play, called "The Volcano," at the Court

Theatre, some fun is got out of a situation where Mr. Weedon Grossmith sings "The Wolf" to an inattentive audience. With desperate energy he sings away, but the guests turn their backs on him. So far so good. The fun of the situation is appreciated at the Court. But why repeat precisely the same scene in "The School for Scandal"? Why permit Sir Benjamin Backbite to deliver his impromptu to an audience that does not care to hear him? This is to misunderstand and to misrepresent Sheridan. In "The School for Scandal," society is chaffing Sir Benjamin. He does not bore them, he amuses them. He is the last man in the world they would pretend to ignore. And yet it is considered original and clever to snub Sir Benjamin Backbite when, after a deal of coaxing, he has been induced to repeat the verses that he made in the crack of a whip. The other attractions are scarcely more valuable. The early scenes of the play are acted in the open air of the Mall, because it is about the only place where they could not have occurred, and poor Trip disappears at the order of the modern stage-manager. Apart from the Charles Surface of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the Careless of Mr. George Giddens, and the Maria of Miss Mary Moore, there is little to redeem the revival from the commonplace. Mr. William Farren and Mrs. Bernard-Beere worked desperately hard, but both have been seen to greater advantage. With Mr. Farren the bouquet of the old port wine appeared to have evaporated. How I should have liked to see the Sir Peter I saw at the Vaudeville years ago!

I am delighted that Mr. Horace Sedger was persuaded to bring over "L'Enfant Prodiges" from Paris. Many doubted the chance of success. But there is no question about it. As it stands it is just a trifle too long; but I, for one, should like to go again and again to hear the music, to watch the pantomime, and to admire the art of Mlle. Jane May and M. Courtès. The play is in dumb show. Not a word is spoken. I could wish that the audience would follow this wholesome rule. It is a bit irritating to watch a pantomime, and to hear some one behind you telling you exactly what the story is supposed to be, and telling it all wrong. When "Maid Marian" is withdrawn at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the pantomime will be placed in the evening programme. Everyone ought to see it, particularly the young actors and actresses who crowd into the foyers of afternoon theatres, begging to be passed in to see some wretched entertainment that can do them no possible good. If these worthy folk, instead of begging for seats to see an amateur play, would only pay to see this pantomime, the lesson would not be wasted.



THE RESIDENCY AT MANIPUR.

Regiment. The fort was defended by 800 Manipuris, who were driven out by Lieutenant Grant. Thobal is a mud fort, or stockaded village, thirteen miles south of the town of Manipur. Lieutenant Grant then advanced three miles to Waitho, a place on the river with a great fish weir: he was there surrounded by a very large hostile force, with guns, and seemed to be in a perilous position. Assistance has already been sent to him from Tamu, which is the military headquarters of the Kobo district of Burmah, and from which the distance to Thobal is fifty-seven miles. Captain Presgrave, with a hundred men of the 12th Burmah Regiment, and with an ample supply of ammunition, started on April 4; while the Tamu field force now comprises the 2nd and 4th Goorkhas, the 12th Burmah Regiment, two guns of No. 2 Mounted Battery, and 250 men of the Burmese Military Police. It would be joined, on April 17, by a wing of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and by two other mountain guns. It would advance on Manipur under the command of General Graham. The northern column, from Assam, is placed under the command of General Collett, who is also invested with political authority as Chief Commissioner, assisted by Mr. McCabe. The troops of this column will comprise the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Goorkhas, the 36th Sikhs, the No. 8 Mountain Battery, and 800 Goorkhas from the Kohima garrison. Those sent from Bengal are conveyed by rail and steamer up the river Brahmaputra, in Assam, to Nigri Ting, whence they march southward 115 miles, by Golaghat to Kohima, the frontier station, and advance by Mao Thana. No troops will be sent by the route eastward from Sylhet and Cachar, which is unhealthy in the rainy season, and is obstructed by five mountain ranges and four rivers within fifty miles. A very good description of the whole region, Manipur and the adjacent British territories, will be found, with a map, in the February *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, written by Major-General J. J. H. Gordon, C.B. The letters of Colonel Johnstone and Colonel H. Godwin-Austen, in the *Times* of April 6, supply further information.

The Residency at Manipur is in the heart of the capital, and close to the Rajah Fort Palace. It is a large and pretty building in old English half-timber style, with thatched roof, and built on a most substantial brick foundation seven feet from the ground. The basement was arranged with a view to affording a safe place of refuge to non-combatants in case of stray shots during dynastic squabbles, and might easily have been made proof against small guns fired point-blank. It is surrounded by sixteen or eighteen acres of land, gardens, lawns, paddocks, and tanks or ponds containing excellent water, and

HEAD OF A NAGA CHIEF ON THE
BORDER OF MANIPUR.

PERSONAL.

The expected retirement of Mr. Justice Stephen has taken place before a brilliant gathering of the Bench and the Bar, and the spoken regrets of the Attorney-General. The retiring judge, who looked very ill, spoke his farewell in low broken tones, very different from the usual ringing notes of one of the most powerful voices in England. The words, however, were admirably chosen, and they visibly affected his hearers, notably Lord Justice Bowen, who remained seated while the other judges stood. There is no doubt that the law, if not the Bench, loses in him—if he is lost—one of its most brilliant ornaments. Mr. Justice Stephen's family is distinguished both in his father—the famous author of "Essays in Ecclesiastical History," one of the most brilliant historical sketches in the English language—and in his brother, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and he has added very considerably to its fame. His legal work consisted in the codifying of the Indian law, which was the fruit of his labour as legal member of the Council. The result was the Indian Evidence Act, in itself a sufficient monument to its author's fame. Equally valuable are Mr. Justice Stephen's labours and commentaries on the English criminal law, his digest of which is something more than a merely legal classic. Mr. Justice Stephen's judgments on the bench have, on occasion, been the subject of criticism, notably in the Maybrick case; but his fame as a great master of English law is unassailed.

The chances are that Mr. Justice Stephen's retirement will, in a measure, restore him to that more active share in the intellectual life of his countrymen which he has always been anxious to take. He is on a large scale, physically and mentally, and his mind is never at rest. He is a brilliant and powerful pamphleteer, and the essays on current politics which, somewhat daringly, he has from time to time contributed to the *Times*, have been read with admiration by those who most differed from them. His style, overweighted perhaps with his great learning, is singularly clear and forcible. His views of politics are usually anti-democratic, and were delivered with all the energy of expression and conviction which is a characteristic of the man. There will be a general feeling that he has been somewhat hardy and ungraciously treated in the measures taken to secure his retirement from the bench.

With Lord Granville disappears one of the last survivors of what may be called the mannered school of public speakers. Mr. Gladstone is, perhaps, its only other living representative. Lord Granville had the look and the tone of the old school—with its elaborate courtliness, its love of finish in style, its gentle badinage. Lord Salisbury, curiously enough, though a far more incisive and impressive speaker than his late opponent, affects a much less suave and more modern form of speech than either Lord Granville or Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville's speech at its pleasantest was a gentle kind of purring, and suggested, with a readiness that sometimes made the observer smile, the "Pussy" Granville of old Eton days. In the same way, nobody excelled him at a quick feline stroke, which drew blood, and was a pleasure to watch from its very dexterity and neatness of workmanship.

Lord Granville—like Mr. Gladstone—was at his happiest in eulogies and memorial speeches. His touch, however, was lighter than that of the ex-Premier, and was remarkable for a really classic felicity of phrase. The voice on these occasions was most beautifully modulated, and the slight lisp and difficulty in pronouncing the "r's" added a touch of naïveté. Lord Granville's French was of the purest, and his accent undistinguishable from that of a Frenchman. At the Foreign Office he was not so hard a routine worker as Lord Salisbury, who is completely absorbed in his department. Both men were masters of the art of writing despatches—each after his kind, Lord Salisbury excelling in rhetorical vigour and argumentative power—though his later work is nothing like so fully coloured as the earlier despatches which gave him his fame; Lord Granville, in a certain limpid clearness and simplicity of expression.

M. Pouyer-Quertier, the famous French Protectionist statesman, who died on April 3, was one of the most conspicuous defenders of the Protectionist system. He was also a character in his way. He was a man of huge frame and colossal appetite, whose potations, however deep, never seemed to cause him any trouble. There is a story that he was in the habit of taking what he called "a prisoner"—that is, a couple of bottles of wine, flanked with a huge bowl of porridge. The most curious tale about him, however, which has been somewhat imperfectly related in the *Times*, has to do with his negotiations with Bismarck in regard to the payment of the indemnity which followed the Franco-Prussian War.

Bismarck was not ill pleased to find a Frenchman who matched him in his beer-drinking feats; but Pouyer-Quertier was the negotiator in a difficult and delicate business, and matters did not always go smoothly. On one occasion in particular the Prince and his guest pledged each other in bumpers of brandy, each draught being a third and a half of a tumbler. Pouyer-Quertier was not to be vanquished in this combat of giants, but the Prince expected to have his will of him next morning, before the traces of the drinking bout had disappeared. He strode straight to the old Norman's bed-room, and, roughly waking him, asked him peremptorily to conclude the agreement for the indemnity on the terms he desired. Pouyer-Quertier bluntly refused. Thereupon Bismarck ran out of the room in a rage and swore that there was an end of the negotiations, and that the war would have to begin once again. The Norman listened, and turned himself over placidly to sleep. Bismarck, listening at the door, heard a stentorian snore, and bursting into the room again went into peals of Homeric laughter. "Confound you, you shall have it as you please!" he roared; and M. Pouyer-Quertier was able to knock off a milliard from Bismarck's first demands.

A famous journalist has just bid farewell to his old editor in the person of Mr. Theodore Child, who will no more write the brilliant *causeries* on Parisian life which have appeared over the signature "Theoc." Mr. Child has lately taken to journeying round the world, and has done some very fine literary work in the course of his wanderings. It is, however, as the chronicler of Paris doings—its fashions, tastes, celebrities, vices, tricks, literary, dramatic, and social activities—that he is best known to the English public. Mrs. Crawford,

in *Truth*, perhaps gives a better glimpse behind the curtains of official and social life in Paris than Mr. Child, but she hardly gives such an artistic view of the whole. Mr. Child was a thoroughly Gallicised Englishman: his nature had got moulded to that it worked in. Mr. Child was educated at Owens College, and was a Manchester man by birth. He was formerly Paris Correspondent of this Paper.

An interesting link with the past has just been severed by the death of Mr. Francis Wall Justice of Stapleton, near Bristol. Mr. Justice was a midshipman on board the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered, and, as he alone among the officers had a knowledge of French, the Emperor used him as his interpreter to the captain.

Madame Augustus Craven, whose death at the age of eighty-three has just taken place in Paris, had somewhat outlived her great reputation as compiler of that most *résumé* and ideal of books, "*Le Récit d'une Sœur*," truly an *œuvre de maître*, if only as having proved how much being said may yet be left untold; for "*A Sister's Story*" was, indeed, the life-history, as recounted unconsciously, and therefore truthfully, by themselves, in diaries and private letters, of Pauline de la Ferronaye's brothers and only sister, afterwards the mother of Comte Albert de Mun. The book had an unparalleled success, the more so that it could be placed without fear in every young girl's hand. It is said that one of Mr. Gladstone's most brilliant anonymous articles announced "*Le Récit*" to an English audience, for, besides being supremely interesting as *documents humains*, these memoirs held much that threw side-lights on the Revolution which overthrew the Bourbon dynasty in France in July 1830, for the Marquis de la Ferronaye had been Charles the Tenth's ambassador to the Papal Court.

Half English by her marriage, Madame Craven counted many friends among the English Roman Catholic nobility. Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the late Lord Granville's sister, and herself a well-known writer, often spent some weeks in the pretty little *appartement* 28, Rue Barbet de Jouy, where Mrs. Craven lived and worked, childless, but surrounded by a large circle of nephews and nieces, the most favoured being Albert de Mun, to whom all her papers and curious correspondence with the Comtesse de Chambord have been left, together with the family miniatures and portraits so intimately bound up with the now old-world "*Récit d'une Sœur*."

Mr. H. H. Johnston, who has the appointment of British Resident for the whole of the country under British dominion which lies north of the Zambesi, has left his flat in Queen Anne's Mansions en route for Brindisi, his ultimate destination being Mozambique. It is really quite astonishing to contrast the hard experiences and doughty deeds of this daring young explorer with his blithely unassuming demeanour and singularly fresh and boyish appearance.

The great nineteenth-century showman is dead. Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum died on April 7, at the age of eighty-one. The man who made more than one big fortune and lost it was born in Bethel, in Connecticut, and, as he tells us in his "*Recollections*," possessed, at the age of six, a capital amounting to a dollar. His life was spent in advertising himself and his wares—which, since 1871, consisted of a giant museum, menagerie, circus, and a curiosity show combined—the largest and the most baffling in the world. Barnum had prepared the way for this apotheosis of showmanship by earlier successes in the same line. He discovered and christened "*General Tom Thumb*," whose original name was Stratton. He engaged Jenny Lind to sing at 150 concerts, and, though the engagement was never entirely fulfilled, the tour realised 800,000 dollars, and secured Barnum a fortune which he lost. He himself lived in rather vulgar state at Bridgeport, in Connecticut, in an Oriental palace to which he gave the name of Tranistan, and, to do him justice, spent almost as lavishly on the pleasures of his poorer neighbours as on his own. He made the most of Jumbo, whom he carried off from the Zoo amid the tears of English children, and whose skeleton he religiously preserved in his show.

Barnum's show at Olympia in 1889 was a great success. His plan of entertainment was to have three circuses running at the same time, with a pleasant side-show consisting mostly of freaks of nature. The exhibition began every evening with Mr. Barnum, in a carriage drawn by a couple of horses, making the round of the arena—looking, by the way, rather like a stouter Mr. Bradlaugh—and bowing his acknowledgments to his patrons. The show was a great success, and gave a final touch of éclat to a career which, with all its vulgarity, had a certain picturesqueness. Barnum spared neither trouble nor expense to perfect his exhibition. He carefully trained Tom



THE LATE MR. P. T. BARNUM.

Thumb, whom by the way he showed at Buckingham Palace, and he took care to impress his audiences with his personal magnificence. It was this which attracted Jenny Lind, who declared that she would never have accepted his invitation had it not been written on a sheet "headed with a beautiful engraving of Tranistan."

Mr. Herbert Vivian's candidature for East Bradford as an independent Individualist candidate contributes a touch of eccentricity to the politics of the hour. Mr. Vivian stands against the Conservative member, Mr. Byron Reed, and the Liberal candidate, Mr. Caine, and he is backed by a strong letter of recommendation from the high-priest of the Individualist school, Mr. Auberon Herbert. Mr. Vivian is a young gentleman with a certain turn for humour, who has already made himself conspicuous as a member of the Jacobite society of the White Rose, and as one of the editors of the *Whirlwind*, now, alas! no more. Mr. Vivian devoted the columns of the *Whirlwind* to advocating the claims of the surviving branch of the Stuart family as against Queen Victoria, and on one occasion he went so far as to call on the youth of England to don the white cockade and rally round their lawful Queen—Mary. This outburst so seriously affected the printers of the *Whirlwind* that they refused to publish the periodical. Mr. Vivian is very young, not over-modest, and with a certain gift for extremely frank and naïve writing not without a touch of originality. He will probably get about ten votes.

Mr. Parnell is perfectly satisfied with the result of the Sligo election. He attributes the result to priestly intimidation, but is convinced that his cause is gaining in the country.

By an obvious clerical error, the name of Doctor Liddon was substituted for that of Dean Liddell in association with "*Alice in Wonderland*," in our last Issue.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The director of the Royal Italian Opera exercised characteristic

foresight in selecting Gluck's "*Orfeo*" for the opening of his season on Monday, April 6. He thereby renewed a delightful experience for those who had witnessed Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli's beautiful embodiment last autumn, and he provided an attractive novelty for his subscribers, who assembled in remarkable numbers, considering the unusually early commencement of the season. Covent Garden wore the brilliant aspect to which we have grown accustomed under the

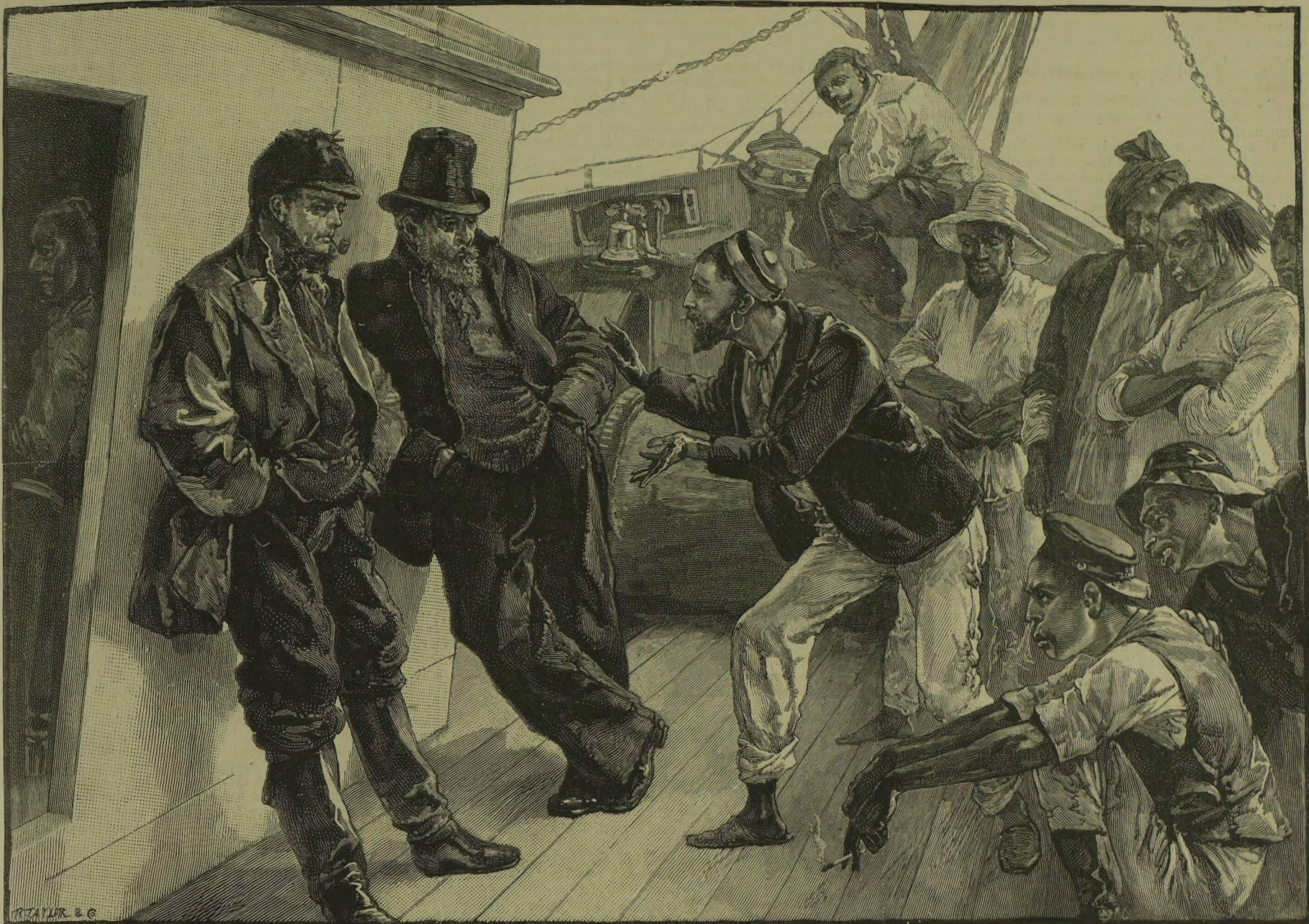
existing régime. The Prince of Wales was present, semi-incognito, in one of the omnibus boxes, and the Countess Gleichen and a large party occupied the royal box. Very few stalls were left vacant, and the upper parts of the house were well filled. The performance of the National Anthem—minus the choral and other accessories which Mr. Harris was wont to furnish—formed a fitting prelude to the dignified strains of Gluck's noble work. Signor Mancinelli, a conductor whose sympathies are with the old operatic school as well as the new, had taken evident pains to secure a worthy representation. He could hardly be held responsible for a mistake in the orchestra as to a repeat, still less for a lack of finish in the execution of the ballets, which undoubtedly required a trifle more rehearsal. These, however, were very insignificant blemishes when reckoned beside the artistic *mise-en-scène*, the charming stage pictures, the accurate detail, and, above all, the imposing central figure of the new Covent Garden setting. For musicians, indeed, if not for less cultivated listeners as well, Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli's incomparable assumption of Orfeo was the all-absorbing feature of the performance. It once more afforded a complete and satisfying treat—voice, tones, delivery, gestures, dramatic force all helping to make up the most perfect and touching portrayal of the character that modern opera-goers have seen. There could be no mistaking the genuine ring in the cheers that greeted the talented artist at the end of each act, and more especially after her magnificent rendering of the interpolated Bertoni air, after "*Che farò*," which was enthusiastically encored, and after that wonderfully pathetic piece of acting where Orfeo searches for Euridice among the happy dwellers in the Elysian Fields. In short, Mdlle. Ravogli emphatically renewed her triumph in the part, and set the seal upon her fame as a great lyric artist. Her sister, Mdlle. Sofia Ravogli, gave, as before, a graceful and sympathetic delineation of the part of Euridice, distinguishing herself in an especial degree in the duet of the third act. The small part of L'Amore was capably sustained by Mdlle. Bauermeister. The chorus and orchestra, both fully up to the Covent Garden average, did their work well, under Signor Mancinelli's painstaking guidance.

Great interest was evinced on the second night of the season in the début of the young American cantatrice Miss Emma Eames, whose compatriots formed a considerable proportion of a numerous audience. Since she came out at the Paris Grand Opéra in March 1889, Miss Eames has acquired an increasing reputation, but so far other managers have failed to tempt her away from the scene of her first successes. Among the latter, the rôle of Marguerite in "*Faust*" stands prominent, and it was in this that she now challenged the judgment of a London audience. The result was never in doubt. From the moment that she came forward amid the revel of the Kermesse, down to the final catastrophe of the Prison Scene, Miss Eames fairly carried her audience with her. She looked Goethe's heroine to the life, and her conception of the character charmed alike by its naturalness and its unaffected womanly grace. In the Garden Scene Miss Eames made the most of every opportunity for the display of her fine voice and her pure, refined vocalisation. The "*King of Thule*" ballad was beautifully sung, while the "*Jewel Song*" was given with a *verve* and spirit that quite brought down the house. Her organ is less remarkable at present for high range or power than for its delightfully sympathetic and even quality. Nevertheless, it is capable of expressing strong dramatic feeling, and the young artist was fully equal to the requirements of the Cathedral scene, where, by the way, she remained kneeling nearly the whole time at a solitary *prie-Dieu* in the middle of the stage. She acted with intelligence and occasional intensity of emotion, but wisely kept her strength well in reserve, and avoided all trace of exaggeration. Altogether, it was an exceedingly promising début, and Miss Eames's subsequent appearances will be awaited with interest. With the exception of M. Maurel's striking impersonation of Mephistopheles, the performance presented no other feature of conspicuous merit. Signor Perotti made only a passable Faust; Mdlle. Guercia (who had not sung here for some years) was a moderate Siebel; and Signor Ceste, replacing another baritone, made a fairly successful first appearance as Valentine. The opera was mounted with the customary completeness, and ably conducted by Signor Mancinelli.

H. K.



THE LATE EARL GRANVILLE, AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

While he addressed the boatmen, the others stood doggedly looking on.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN JOPPA BUNTING.

There were four or five coloured seamen standing near looking on. Though I could not have been sure, I guessed them to be Malays by the somewhat Chinese cast of their features. I had seen such faces once before, discolouring a huddle of white countenances of European seamen looking over the side of a ship, anchored in our bay, at the life-boat I was in charge of for an hour or two of practice. I also caught the fierce, lemon-coloured creature at the wheel following the captain, as he moved about, with his stealthy dusky eyes; but more than this I had not time to take notice of.

"Abraham," I exclaimed, approaching him, "this is a bad business."

"Ay," he muttered, drying his lips upon his knuckles. "There's nothen' to do now but to get home again. I laid out fifteen pound for myself on this here job, an' it's gone, and gone's, too, the money we was to take up. Oh, Jacob, matey! how came it about? how came it about?" he cried, in a voice of bitter grief that was without the least hint of temper or reproach.

"Ye've heard, Abraham," answered the other, speaking brokenly. "Gord He knows how it happened. I'd ha' given ten tomes over the money we was to airm that this here muck-ing job had been yourn instead o' mine, that I might feel as sorry for ye, Abey, as ye are for me, mate."

"Is she clean gone?" cried Captain Bunting, looking over the quarter. "Yes, clean. Nothing but her boat floating, and a few spars. It is spilt milk, and not to be recovered by tears. You two men will have to go along with us till we can send the four of you home. Mr. Jones, fill on your topsail, if you please. Hi! you Pallunappachelly, swab up that wet there, d'ye hear? Now Moona, now Yong Soon Wat, and you, Shayoo Saibo—maintopsail-brace, and bear a hand!"

While the topsail-yard was in the act of swinging I observed that Abraham's countenance suddenly changed. A fit of temper, resembling his outbreak when the Hamburger had passed us, darkened his face. He rolled his eyes fiercely, then, plucking off his cap, flung it savagely down upon the deck, and, while he tumbled and sprawled about in a sort of mad dance, he bawled at the top of his voice:—

"I says it can't be true! What I says is, it's a dream—a blooming, measly dream! The Airly Marn foundered!" Here he gave his cap a kick that sent it flying the length of the poop. "It's a loye, I says. It was to ha' been seventy-foive pound a man, and there was two gone, whose shares would ha' been ourn. And where's moy fifteen pound worth o' goods? Cuss the hour, I says, that ever we fell in with this barque!"

He raved in this fashion for some minutes, the captain meanwhile eyeing him with his head on one side, as though

striving to find out whether he was drunk or mad. He then rushed to the side with an impetuosity that made me fear he meant to spring overboard, and, looking down for a moment, he bellowed forth, shaking his clenched fist at the sea:—

"Yes, then she *is* gone, and 'tain't a dream!"

He fetched his thigh a mighty slap, and, wheeling round, stared at us in the manner of one temporarily bereft of his senses by the apparition of something he finds horrible.

"These Deal boatmen have excitable natures!" said Captain Joppa Bunting, addressing me, fixedly smiling and passing his fingers through a whisker as he spoke.

"I trust you will bear with the poor fellows," said I: "it is a heavy loss to the men, and a death-blow to big expectations."

"Temper is excusable occasionally at sea," observed the captain; "but language I never permit. Yet that unhappy Christian soul ought to be borne with, as you say, seeing that he is a poor ignorant man very sorely tried. Abraham Vise, come here!" he called.

"His name is Wise," said I.

"Wise, come here!" he shouted.

Abraham approached us with a slow, rolling gait, and a face in which temper was now somewhat clouded by bewilderment.

"Abraham," said the captain, looking from him to Jacob, who leaned, wet through, against the rail with a dogged face and his eyes rooted upon the deck, "you have met with one of those severe reverses which happen entirely for the good of the sufferer, however he may object to take that view. Depend upon it, my man, that the loss of your lugger is for some wise purpose."

Abraham looked at him with an eye whose gaze delivered the word *damn* as articulately as ever his lips could have uttered the expletive.

"You two men were going in that small open boat to Australia," continued the captain, with a paternal air and a nasal voice, and smiling always. "Do you suppose you would ever have reached that distant coast?"

"Sartainly I dew, Sir," cried Abraham, hoarsely, with a vehement nod.

"I say *no*, then!" thundered the captain. "Two of you! Why, I've fallen in with smaller luggers than yours cruising in the Channel with eight of a crew."

"Ay!" shouted Abraham. "And vy? Only ask yourself the question! 'Cause they carry men to ship as pilots. But tew can handle a lugger."

"I say *no*!" thundered the captain again. "What? All the way from the Chops to Sydney Bay? Who's your navigator?"

"Oy am," answered Abraham.

The captain curved his odd, double-lipped mouth into a

sneer, that yet somehow did not disguise or alter his habitual or congenital smile, while he ran his eye over the boatman's figure.

"You!" he cried, pausing and bursting into a loud laugh; then, resuming his nasal intonation, he continued. "Mark you this now. The loss of your lugger alongside my barque is a miracle wrought by a bountiful Heaven to extend your existence, which you were deliberately attempting to cut short by a dreadful act of folly, so dreadful that had you perished by a like behaviour ashore you would have been buried with a stake through your middle!"

He turned up his eyes till little more than the whites of them were visible. Grieved as I was for poor Abraham, I scarcely saved myself from bursting out laughing, so ludicrous was the shifting emotions which worked in his face, and so absurd Jacob's fixed stare of astonishment and wrath.

"Now, men," continued the captain, "you can go forward. What's *your* name?"

"Jacob Minnikin, Sir," answered the boatman, speaking thickly and with difficulty.

"Get you to the galley, Jacob Minnikin," said the captain, "and dry your clothes. The chief mate will show you where to find a couple of spare bunks in the forecabin. Go and warm yourselves and get something to eat. You'll be willing to work, I hope, in return for my keeping you until I can send you home?"

Abraham sullenly mumbled, "Yes, Sir."

"All right. We may not be long together; but while I have you I shall be thankful for you. We are a black crew, and the sight of a couple of white faces forward will do me good. Off you go, now!"

Without another word the two men trudged off the poop; but I could hear them muttering to each other as they went down the ladder.

Some time before this they had trimmed sail, and the barque was once again clumsily breaking the seas, making a deal of noisy sputtering at her cutwater to the stoop of her apple-shaped bows, and rolling and plunging as though she were contending with the surge of Agulhas or the Horn. I sent my sight around the ocean, but there was nothing to be seen. The atmosphere had slightly thickened, and it was blowing fresh, but the wind was on the quarter, and the mate had found nothing in the weather to hinder him from showing the mainsail to it again with the port clew up. But the captain's talk prevented me from making further observations at that time.

"Those two men," said he, "have very good, honest, substantial, Scriptural names. Abraham and Jacob," he smacked his lips. "I like 'em. I consider myself fortunate in the name of Joppa," he continued, looking from me to Helga. "I *might* have been called Robert."

You would have thought that the smile which accompanied this speech was designed to point it as a joke, but a moment's observation assured me that it was a fixed expression. "I have observed," he went on, "that the lower orders are very dull and tardy in arriving at an appreciation of the misfortunes which befall them. Those two men, Sir, are not in the least degree grateful for the loss of their lugger, by which, as I told them, their lives have been undoubtedly preserved."

"They are poor men," said Helga, "and do not know how to be grateful for the loss of perhaps very nearly all that they have in the world."

He looked at her smilingly, with a glance down her figure, and exclaimed, "I am quite sure that when your poor dear father's barque sank you did not resent the decree of Heaven."

Helga held her peace.

"Was she insured, Madam?" he asked.

She answered briefly "Yes," not choosing to enter into explanations.

He surveyed her thoughtfully, with his head on one side; then, addressing me, he said:—

"The man Abraham, now. I take it he was skipper of the lugger?"

"Yes, he was so," said I.

"Is it possible that he knows anything of navigation?"

"I fear his acquaintance with that art is small. He can blunder upon the latitude with the aid of an old quadrant, but he leaves his longitude to dead reckoning."

"And yet he was going to Australia!" cried the captain, tossing his pale, fleshy hands and upturning his eyes. "Still, he is a respectable man?"

"A large-hearted, good man," cried Helga, warmly.

He surveyed her again thoughtfully with his head on one side, slowly combing down one whisker, then addressing me:—

"I am rather awkwardly situated," said he. "Mr. Ephraim Jones and myself are the only two white men aboard this vessel. Jones is an Only Mate. You know what that means?"

I shook my head in my ignorance, with a glance at Helga.

"Captain Bunting means," she answered, smiling, "that Only Mate is literally the only mate that is carried in a ship."

He stared at her with lifted eyebrows, and then gave her a bow.

"Right, Madam," said he. "And when you are married, dear lady, you will take all care, I trust, that your husband shall be your Only Mate."

She slightly coloured, and as she swayed to the rolling deck I caught sight of her little foot petulantly beating the plank for a moment. It was clear that Captain Bunting was not going to commend himself to her admiration by his wit.

"You were talking about Abraham," said I.

"No, I was talking about Jones," he answered, "and attempting to explain the somewhat unpleasant fix I am in. The man who acted as second mate was the carpenter of the barque, a fellow named Winstanley. I fear he went mad, after we were a day out. Whether he jumped overboard or fell overboard, I cannot say. He made a wild grimace, as though the recollection shocked him. 'There was nothing for it but to pursue the voyage with my Only Mate; and I, of course, have to keep watch-and-watch with him—a very great inconvenience to me. I believe Abraham Wise—or Vise, as he calls himself—would excellently fill the post vacated by Winstanley.'"

"He wants to get home," said I.

"Yet I might tempt him to remain with me," said he, smiling. "There's no melody so alluring to a Deal boatman's ears as the jingling of silver dollars."

"You will find him thoroughly trustworthy," said Helga.

"We will wait a little—we will wait a little!" he exclaimed blandly.

"Of course, Captain Bunting," said I, "your views in the direction of Abraham will not, I am sure, hinder you from sending Miss Nielsen and myself to England at the very earliest opportunity." And I found my eye going seawards over the barque's bow as I spoke.

"The very first vessel that comes along you shall be sent aboard of, providing, to be sure, she will receive you."

I thanked him heartily, and also added, in the most delicate manner I could contrive on the instant, that all expense incurred by his keeping us should be defrayed. He flourished his fat hand.

"That is language to address to the Pharisee, Sir—not to the Samaritan."

All this was exceedingly gratifying. My spirits rose, and I felt in a very good humour with him. He looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," said he. "Mr. Jones," he called to the mate, who was standing forward at the head of the little poop ladder, "you can go below and get your supper, then relieve me. Tell Punmeamooty to put some cold beef and pickles on the table. Better let him set the ham on too, and tell the fool that it won't bite him because it was once pig. Punmeamooty can make some coffee, Mr. Jones; or perhaps you drink tea?" said he, turning to Helga. "Well, both, Mr. Jones, both," he shouted: "tea and coffee. Make a good meal, Sir, and then come and relieve me."

The mate vanished. Captain Bunting drew back by a step or two to cast a look aloft. He then, and with a sailorly eye methought, despite his whiskers and dingy fleshy face and fixed smile, sent a searching glance to windward, following it on with a cautious survey of the horizon. He next took a peep at the compass, and said something to a mahogany-coloured man who had replaced the fierce-looking fellow at the wheel. I observed that when the captain approached the man stirred uneasily in his shoes, 'twixt which and the foot of his blue dungaree breeches there lay visible the bare, yellow flesh of his ankles.

I said softly and quickly to Helga, "This is a very extraordinary shipmaster."

"Something in him repels me," she answered.

"He is behaving kindly and hospitably, though."

"Yes, Hugh; still, I shall be glad to leave the barque. What a very strange crew the ship carries! What are they?"

"I will ask him," said I, and at that moment he rejoined us.

"Captain," I exclaimed, "what countrymen are your sailors, pray?"

"Mostly Malays, with a few Cingalese among them," he answered. "I got them on a sudden, and was glad of them, I can tell you. I had shipped an ordinary European crew in the Thames; and in the Downs, where we lay wind-bound for three days, every man-jack of them, saving Mr. Jones and Winstanley, lowered that quarter-boat," said he, nodding to it, "one dark night, chucked their traps in, and went away for Dover round the South Foreland. I recovered the boat, and was told that there was a crew of Malays lodged at the Sailors' Home at Dover. A vessel from Ceylon that had touched at the Cape and taken in some coloured seamen there had stranded, a night or two before my men ran, somewhere off the South Sand Head. She was completely wrecked, and her crew were brought to Dover. There were eleven of them in

all, with a boss or bo's'n or serang, call him what you will—there he is!" He pointed to a dark-skinned fellow on the fore-castle. "Well, to cut the story short, when these fellows heard I was bound to the Cape they were all eager to ship. They offered their services for very little money—very little money indeed," he added, smiling, "their object being to get home. I had no idea of being detained in the Downs for a crew, and I had no heart, believe me, to swallow another dose of the British merchant sailor, so I had them brought aboard—and there they are!" he exclaimed, gazing complacently forward and aft, "but they are black inside and out. They're Mahometans, to a man, and now I'm sorry I shipped them, though I hope to do good—yes," said he, nodding at me, "I hope to do good."

He communicated to this final sentence all the significance that it was in the power of his countenance and manner to bestow; but what he meant I did not trouble myself to inquire. Mr. Jones remained below about ten minutes: he then arrived, and the captain, who was asking Helga questions about her father's ship, the cause of her loss, and the like, instantly broke off on seeing the mate, and asked us to follow him to the cabin.

The homely interior looked very hospitable, with its table cleanly draped and pleasantly equipped with provisions. The coloured man who apparently acted as steward, and who bore the singular name of Punmeamooty, stood, a dusky shadow, near the cabin-door. Spite of a smoky sunset in the western windy haze, the gloom of the evening in the east was already upon the ocean, and the cabin, as we entered it, showed somewhat darkness to the sight; yet though the figure of the Malay, as I have already said, was no more than a shadow, I could distinctly see his gleaming eyes even from the distance of the companion steps; and I believe had it been much darker still I should have beheld his eyes looking at us from the other end of the cabin.

"Light the lamp, Punmeamooty!" said the captain.

"Now, let me see," said he, throwing his wideawake on to a locker, "we call the last meal supper at sea, Miss Nielsen."

"Yes, I know that," she answered.

"Before we go to supper," he continued, "you would like to refresh yourself in a cabin. How about accommodating you, Mr. Tregarthen? That cabin is mine," said he, pointing, "and the one facing it is Mr. Jones's. There are four gloomy little holes below, one of which was occupied by poor Winstanley, and the others, I fear, are choke full of stores and odds and ends." He eyed her for a moment meditatively. "Come," said he: "you are a lady, and must be made comfortable, however short your stay with me may be. Mr. Jones will give up his cabin, and go into the steerage!"

"And Mr. Tregarthen?" said Helga.

"Oh, I'll set some of our darkeys after supper to make ready one of the berths below for him."

"I do not wish to be separated from Mr. Tregarthen," said Helga.

Captain Bunting looked at her, then at me, then at her left hand, for the coloured steward had now lighted the lamp and we were conversing close to it.

"You are Miss Nielsen?" said the captain. "Have I mistaken?"

The blood rose to the girl's cheek.

"No, you have not mistaken," said I; "Miss Nielsen and I have now for some days been fellow-sufferers, and, for acquaintance' sake, she wishes her berth to be near mine!"

This I said soothingly, for I thought the skipper's brow looked a little clouded.

"Be it so," said he, with a bland flourish of both hands: "meanwhile, Madam, such conveniences as my cabin affords are at your service for immediate use."

She hesitated, but on meeting my eye seemed immediately to catch what was in my mind, and, smiling prettily, she thanked him, and went at once to his cabin.

"The fact is, Sir," said he, nasally, dragging at the wrist-band of his shirt and looking at his nails, "man at the best is but a very selfish animal, and cruller neglectful of the comfort and happiness of women. Pardon my frankness: your charming companion has been exposed for several days to the horrors of what was really no better than an open boat. What more natural than that she should wish to adjust her hair and take a peep at herself in a looking-glass? And yet"—here he smiled profoundly—"the suggestion that she should withdraw did not come from you."

"The kindness of your reception of us," I answered, "assured me that you would do everything that is necessary."

"Quite so," he answered; "and now, Mr. Tregarthen, I dare say a brush-up will comfort you too. You will find all that you require in Mr. Jones's cabin."

I thanked him, and at once entered the berth, hardly knowing as yet whether to be amused or astonished by the singular character of this long-whiskered, blandly smiling, and, as I might fairly believe, religious sea-captain.

There was a little window in the berth that looked on to the quarterdeck. On peering through it I spied Abraham and Jacob with their arms buried to the elbow in their breeches' pockets, leaning, with dogged mien, in the true loafing, lounging, longshore posture, against the side of the caboose or galley. The whole ship's company seemed to have gathered about them. I counted nine men. There was a rusty tinge in the atmosphere that gave me a tolerable sight of all those people. It was the first dog-watch, when the men would be free to hang about the decks and smoke and talk. The coloured sailors formed a group, in that dull hectic light, to dwell upon the memory—one with a yellow sou'-wester, another with a soldier's forage-cap on his head, a third in a straw hat, along with divers scarecrow-like costumes of dungaree and coarse canvas jumpers—here a jacket resembling an evening-dress coat that had been robbed of its tails, there a pair of flapping skirts, a red wool comforter, half-wellington boots, old shoes, and I know not what besides.

The man that had been pointed out to me as "boss"—to employ Captain Bunting's term—was addressing the two boatmen as Llooked. He was talking in a low voice, and not the lightest growl of his accents reached me. Now and again he would smite his hands and act as though betrayed by temper into a sudden vehement delivery, from which he swiftly recovered himself, so to speak, with an eager look aft at the poop-deck, where, I might suppose, the mate stood watching them, or where, at all events, he would certainly be walking, on the look-out. While he addressed the boatmen, the others stood doggedly looking on, all, apparently, intent upon the countenances of our Deal friends, whose attitude was one of contemptuous inattention.

However, by this time I had refreshed myself with a wash, and now quitted the cabin after a slight look round, in which I took notice of the portrait of a stout lady cut out in black paper and pasted upon a white card, a telescope, a sextant case, a little battery of pipes in a rack over the bunk.

Helga arrived, holding her sealskin hat in her hand. Her amber-coloured hair—for sometimes I would think it of this hue, at others a pale gold, then a very fine delicate yellow—showed with a little roughness in it as though she were fresh from the blowing of the wind. But had she been an artist she could not have expressed more choiceness in her fashion of

neglect. She had heartened and brightened greatly since our rescue from the raft, and, though there were still many traces of her grief and sufferings in her face, there was likewise the promise that she needed but a very short term of good usage from life to bloom into as sweet, modest, and gentle a maiden as a man's heart could wish to hold to itself.

The captain, motioning us to our places, took his seat at the head of the table with a large air of hospitality in his manner of drawing out his whiskers and inflating his waist-coat. The vessel creaked and groaned noisily as she pitched and rolled, so slanting the table that, but for the rough, well-used fiddles, every article upon it would have speedily tumbled on to the deck. The lamp burned brightly, and almost eclipsed the rusty complexion of daylight that lay upon the glass of the little skylight directly over our heads.

Punmeamooty waited nimbly upon us, though my immediate impression was that his alacrity was not a little animated by fear and dislike. As the captain sat smilingly recommending the ham that he was carving—dwelling much upon it, and talking of the pig as an animal on the whole more serviceable to man than the cow—I caught the coloured steward watching him as he stood some little distance away upon the skipper's left, with his dusky shining eyes in the corner of their sockets. It reminded me of the look I had observed the fierce-looking fellow at the wheel fasten upon the captain. It was as though the fellow cursed him with his dusky gaze. Yet there was nothing forbidding in his face, despite his ugliness. His skin was of the colour of the yolk of an egg, and he had a coarse heavy nose, which made me suspect a Dutch hand in the man's creation. His hair was coal black, long, and lank, after the Chinese pattern. It would have been hard to guess his age from such a mask of a face as he carried; but the few bristles on his upper lip suggested youth, and I dare say I was right in thinking him about two-and-twenty.

The captain talked freely; sometimes he omitted his nasal twang; but his conversation was threaded with pious reflections, and I took notice of a tendency in the man to sermonise, as though little in the most familiar talk could occur out of which a salutary moral was not to be squeezed. He seemed to be very well pleased to have us on board, not perhaps so much because our company was a break as because it provided him with an opportunity to philosophise, and to air his sentiments. I shall not be thought very grateful for thus speaking of a man who had rescued us from a trying and distressful situation, and who was entertaining us kindly and, I may say, bountifully; but my desire is to give you the truth—to describe exactly as best I can what I saw and suffered in this strange passage of my life, and the portrait I am attempting of Captain Joppa Bunting is as the eyes of my head, and of my mind too, beheld him.

As I looked at him sitting at the table, of a veal-like complexion in that light, blandly gesticulating with his fat hands, expressing himself with a nasal gravity that was at times diverting with the smile that accompanied it, it seemed difficult to believe that he was a merchant captain, the master of as commonplace an old ocean wagon as ever crushed a sea with a round bow. I asked him how long he had followed the life, and he astonished me by answering that he was now forty-four, and that he had been apprenticed to the sea at the age of twelve.

"You will have seen a very great deal in that time, Captain," said I.

"I believe there is no wonder of the Lord visible upon the face of the deep which I have not viewed," he responded. "There is no part of the world which I have not visited. I have coasted the Antarctic zone of ice in a whaler, and I have been becalmed for seventeen weeks right off, with thirty miles of motion only in those seventeen weeks, upon the parallel of one degree north."

On this I observed that Helga eyed him with interest, yet I seemed to be sensible, too, of an expression of recoil in her face, if I may thus express what I do not know how better to define.

"You have worn wonderfully well," said I.

"I have taken care of myself," he answered, smiling.

"Is this your ship, Sir?"

"I have a large interest in her," he replied. "I am very well content to follow the sea. The sense of being watched over is comforting, and often exhilarating; but I wish," he exclaimed, with a solemn wagging of his head, "that the obligation to make money in this life was less, much less, than it is."

"It is the only life in which we shall require money," said Helga.

"True, Madam," said he, with an apparently careless but puzzling glance at her; "but let me tell you that the obligation of money-making soils the soul. I am not surprised that the godliest of the good men of old took up their abode in caves, were satisfied with roots for dinner, and were as happy in a sheep's-skin as a dandy in a costume by Poole. I defy a man to practise virtue and make money too. Punmeamooty, put some wine into the lady's glass!"

Helga declined. The Malay was moving swiftly to execute the order, but stopped dead on her saying no, and with insensible and mouse-like movements regained his former post, where he stood watching the captain as before.

"Yes," said I, "this world would be a pleasant one if we could manage without money."

"For myself," said he, casting his eyes over the table, "I could do very well with a crust of bread and a glass of water; but I have a daughter, Judith Ruby, and I have to work for her."

This brought a little expression of sympathy into Helga's face.

"Is she your only daughter, Captain Bunting?" she asked.

"My only daughter," he answered, with a momentary softening of his voice. "I wish I had her here!" said he.

"You would find her, Miss Nielsen, a good, kind, religious girl. She is lonely in her home when I am away. I am a widower. My dear wife fell asleep six years ago."

He sighed, but he was smiling too as he did so.

The windows of the skylight had now turned into gleaming ebony against the darkness of the evening outside, and reflected the white table-cloth and the sparkling glass and our figures as though it were a black polished mirror over our heads. I had taken notice of a sharper inclination in the heel of the barque when she rolled to leeward, and, though I was no sailor, yet my ears, accustomed to the noises of the coast, had caught a keener edge in the hum of the wind outside, a more fretful hissing in the stroke of every sea smiting the bends. An order was delivered from the deck above us, and, shortly afterwards, a singular sound of howling arose, accompanied with the slatting and flapping of canvas.

"Mr. Jones is taking the mainsail off her," said the captain, "but the glass is very steady. We shall have a fine night," he added, smiling at Helga.

"Is that strange wailing noise made by the crew?" she asked.

"It is, Madam. The Malays are scarcely to be called nightingales. They are pulling at the ropes, and they sing as they pull. It is a habit among sailors—but you do not require me to tell you that."

"I believe there is very little in seamanship, Captain Bunting," said I, "that even you, with your long experience, could teach Miss Nielsen."

She looked somewhat wistfully at me, as though she would discourage any references to her.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "I should like to hear your nautical accomplishments."

"It was my humour to assist my father when at sea," she said, with her eyes fixed on the table.

"Now, what can you do?" said he, watching her. "Pray tell me? A knowledge of the sea among your sex is so rare that a sailor could never value it too greatly in a lady."

"Let me answer for Miss Nielsen, captain," I exclaimed carelessly, with a glance at the Malay steward, whose gaze, like the captain's, was also directed at Helga. "She can put a ship about, she can steer, she can loose a jib, and run aloft as nimbly as the smartest sailor; she can stand a watch and work a ship in it, and she can take sights and give you a vessel's place on the chart—within a mile shall I say, Helga?"

He looked at me on my pronouncing the word Helga. I do not know that I had before called the girl thus familiarly in his presence.

"You are joking, Mr. Tregarthen!" said he.

A little smile of appeal to me parted Helga's lips.

"No, no," said I, "I am not joking. It is all true. She is the most heroic of girls, besides. We owe our preservation to her courage and knowledge. Helga, may God bless you, and grant us a safe and speedy return to a home where, if the dear heart in it is still beating, we shall meet with a sweet welcome, be sure."

"But you must not be in a hurry to return home," exclaimed the captain, turning his smiling countenance to Helga; "you must give me time to tempt you to remain on board The Light of the World. Your qualifications as a sailor should make you an excellent mate, and you will tell me how much a month you will take to serve in that capacity?"

I observed the same look of recoil in her face that I had before seen in it. A woman's instincts, thought I, are often amazingly keen in the interpretation of men's minds. Or is she merely nervous and sensitive, with a gentle, pretty modesty and bashfulness which render direct allusions to her after this pattern distressing? For my part, I could find no more than what the French call badinage in the captain's speech, with nothing to render it significant outside the bare meaning of the words in his looks or manner.

She did not answer him, and by way of changing the subject, being also weary of sitting at that table, for we had finished the meal some time, though the Malay continued to look on, as though waiting for the order to clear away, I pulled out my watch.

"A quarter to seven," I exclaimed. "You will not wish to be late to-night, Helga. You require a good long sleep. By this time to-morrow we may have shifted our quarters; but we shall always gratefully remember Captain Bunting's goodness."

"That reminds me," said he, "your cabins must be got ready. Punmeamooty, go forward and tell Nakier to send a couple of hands aft to clear out two of the berths below. No! tell Nakier I want him, and then come aft and clear the table."

The man, gliding softly but moving swiftly, passed through the door that led on to the quarterdeck.

"I wish I could tempt you, Miss Nielsen," continued the captain, "to take Mr. Jones's cabin. You will be so very much more comfortable there."

"I would rather be near Mr. Tregarthen, thank you," she answered.

"You are a fortunate man to be so favoured!" he exclaimed, smiling at me. "However, every convenience that my cabin can supply shall be placed at Miss Nielsen's disposal. Alas! now, if my dear Judith were here! She would improve, by many womanly suggestions, my humble attempts as a Samaritan. Our proper business in this world, Mr. Tregarthen, is to do good to one another. But the difficulty," he exclaimed with a sweep of his hand, "is to do all the good that can be done! Now, for instance, I am at a loss. How am I to supply Miss Nielsen's needs?"

"They are of the simplest—are not they, Helga?" said I.

"Quite the simplest, Captain Bunting," she answered, and then, looking at him anxiously, she added: "My one great desire now is to get to England. I have been the cause of taking Mr. Tregarthen from his mother, and I shall not feel happy until they are together again!"

"Charity forbid," exclaimed the captain, "that I should question for an instant the heroism of Mr. Tregarthen's behaviour! But," said he, slightly lowering his voice and stooping his smiling face at her, so to say, "when your brave friend put off in the life-boat he did not, I may take it, know that you were on board?"

"But I was on board," she answered quickly; "and he has saved my life, and I wish him to return to his mother, who may believe him drowned and be mourning him as dead!"

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Passiontide and Easter services were well attended over the country, and the devotion of the Three Hours on Good Friday spreads widely. Perhaps no more striking addresses were given in connection with this service than those by the Bishop of Lincoln in Gainsborough parish church. Gainsborough is famous as George Eliot's St. Ogg's, and its being the birthplace of Canon Mozley makes it interesting to Churchmen. The Bishop looked worn and aged, but his addresses were exquisitely beautiful, and I am glad to learn that they have been reported and will be published. In St. Paul's Dean Church and Canon Liddon were sadly missed, though the Bishop of London preached one of his most thoughtful sermons on Easter Sunday evening.

At the parish church of Kensington, where the Rev. the Hon. E. Carr-Glyn is Vicar, and the two chapels of ease in connection, the communicants on Easter Day reached the great number of 2472—a very large proportion out of a population of about 17,000 in all. It is not surprising, to those who know the history of the Church in Eastbourne, to hear that the communicants in the parish church this year have multiplied sevenfold.

John Wesley's famous saying "The whole world is my parish" is pronounced by a High Church paper "The worst thing he ever said."

Turning over the new edition of that singular compilation, "Men of the Time," or, as it is now styled, "Men and Women of the Time," one comes across occasional details of interest from an ecclesiastical view-point. Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is married to a niece of the Rev. Dr. Gifford, late Archdeacon of London. The Rev. W. J. Loftie was a weekly contributor to the *Guardian* from 1870 to 1876. In 1874 he joined the staff of the *Saturday Review*, where he remains. The Rev. Dr. Luard, of Cambridge, is the writer of the very interesting and well-informed articles on Italian subjects which have appeared in the *Church Quarterly Review*. Canon

MacColl's sole university was, it appears, that of Naples! Mr. W. H. Mallock's mother was a daughter of Archdeacon Froude, and sister of Mr. Anthony Froude and Hurrill Froude, Newman's friend. Two of the most eminent men in the Church of England were born in India—Archdeacon Farrar and Bishop Perowne. The Rev. Dr. Rutherford, of Westminster School, is the son of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland. (It is stated, by the way, that Dr. Rutherford desires to see Westminster School removed up the country, or, if this is impossible, converted into a great London day-school.) Mr. Clement Scott's father was the Rev. W. Scott, vicar of St. Olave, Old Jewry—Mozley's colleague on the *Christian Remembrancer*, and a very brilliant and incisive writer. I note also that the mother of Mrs. L. B. Walford, the popular novelist, wrote all but the first six lines of the well-known hymn "Oft in danger, oft in woe," and this when she was only in her sixteenth year.

Professor Momerie's grievance against the authorities of King's College—that they have removed his chair from the department of Theology to that of General Literature—meets with little sympathy from the *Guardian*, which says, "If we may judge from what we have read of his writing, including the article in which he relates his woes, he is not a fit person to be a teacher at all, unless shallowness and flippancy constitute fitness. Whether he is teaching in the department of Theology or in that of General Literature, he seems to be equally out of place, unless his teaching differs very remarkably from his writings." There can be no dispute, however, that Dr. Momerie had the power to draw a very large and important London audience. His father, the Rev. I. Vale Mummery, was a well-known and highly respected Non-conformist minister.

The fund for raising a memorial to the late Archbishop of York has reached the sum of £3200.

The Bishop of Edinburgh (Dr. Dowden), who has been seriously ill for some time past, is now making satisfactory progress towards recovery. Bishop Dowden is a brother of Professor Dowden, the well-known critic.

The Dean-designate of Windsor (Canon Eliot) has been presented by the congregation of his late parish of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, with a silver service of plate and an illuminated address bearing 730 signatures.

Most of the speakers for the May meetings have now been fixed upon, and it is said by those who should know that the list is unusually attractive—much more so than that of last year, which was considered rather under the average.

Two important changes will take place in London Nonconformist pulpits. The Rev. H. Rawlings, of Huddersfield, is to become co-pastor of Little Portland Street Chapel, imperishably associated with the ministry of James Martineau. Mr. Wicksteed, the present incumbent, is Warden of University Hall, and needs assistance. The Rev. Samuel Pearson, late of Liverpool, has resigned the pastorate of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, which he has only held two years. Mr. Pearson's name was one of those mentioned for the vacant secretaryship of the Congregational Union.

ENGLISH CHURCH AT AXENSTEIN, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

A pretty little English church has been erected for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel by the liberality of the Eberle family, proprietors of the Grand Hotel there. The



ENGLISH CHURCH AT AXENSTEIN, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

building, which is of the Gothic form, has the lower part of grey granite, surmounted by a wooden chalet top: it will accommodate a hundred and twenty persons. It stands on an eminence of about 150 ft., immediately behind the hotel. This church was opened with a full choral service, and dedicated to All Saints, on Saturday, Aug. 17, last year, by the Rev. F. Brindley, M.A., then resident chaplain, in the presence of a Cabinet Minister, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., and family, the English Consul at Lucerne, the American Minister, and a number of the clergy of the Church of England holding chaplaincies in the neighbourhood. The entire cost of the building has been about £900, towards which about £100 has already been contributed. It is now earnestly hoped that all those who, in past years, have visited one of the most beautiful places in Switzerland will send their offerings to pay off the debt, either to the Society in London or to the Rev. F. Brindley, Chaplain of the Middlesex Hospital, London.

RAJAH AND RYOT.

Stripped by the tax of all his scanty pice, Ryot seeks Rajah's succour and advice. "Your coffers store the produce of my pains, And nought for your petitioner remains. Suffer him, then, whom more you cannot squeeze, To seek some lord whose vassals live at ease, And say, to whose allegiance shall I pass?" "Go straight," returned the monarch, "to Madras." "Oh, Sir! that land your brother's rule endures, And his financial principles are yours." "To Tinnevely." "That your uncle sways." "Tanjore"—"Your nephew's government obeys." "Then to the devil," roared the King, "repair!" "Alas! great sire, your royal father's there."

R. GARNETT.

The past and present pupils of the City of London School are organising a testimonial to the Rev. Joseph Harris, who has just completed fifty years of service as master, and is still in active work. It is proposed to present a portrait of Mr. Harris to the school. The secretary of the testimonial fund is Mr. Arthur Willis of Terrace House, North Finchley, Middlesex.

MY SPRING HOLIDAY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

We all have our ideals of spring holidays, and Mr. Greenwood has been giving us his, which is pastoral. Mine is piscatory. But the ideal is never achieved. The soft south wind, the breath of April's being, as Walton or Shelley or somebody says, never blows. The flowers are never in blossom, the trout never rise. In my ideal spring the weather is warm, grey, and mild, with an occasional blink of sun. The woods are wrapped in a purple mist of waxing buds, except where, here and there, a tree has made haste to clothe itself in tender green. There are a few primroses starring the banks, and, when you come near the alders on the riverside, there rises cloud after cloud of soft-winged March browns, that float above the stream and fall into the water. Then appears large circle after large circle on the stream, the trout rise so close that the circles blend, and pleasingly illustrate a proposition in Euclid's early manner. Then your March brown, too, drops gently on the stream; there is a circle, a splash, a rod bent double, and presently a large yellow trout is led into the landing-net. A day of soft sun and soft showers, of greedy fish, and a heavy basket. There once were spring days like this, as old men fondly tell, but whither have they fled? My spring holiday, if I were foolhardy enough to take it, would be more like this: A long frozen journey, many waits in railway-stations—the cold north whistles through them, bringing clouds of dust and ashes that sting and scar the face. Then arriving at a Highland loch, and journeying in the steam-launch of the hotel. Your fellow-travellers have all, like yourself, fishing-rods, and blue noses, and an unsatisfied aspect, as of men hungering after trout. Naturally you hate them, their manners, knickerbockers, voices, pipes, and all, for they are rivals. The odious spirit of competition is aroused. You find a very comfortable inn; you glare at the other newcomers; and next morning you are awakened by the north wind banging your casement and prophesying evil. You wedge a tooth-brush handle into the window, that you may sleep again undisturbed. When you rise and open the window, the tooth-brush falls outside, and perhaps a puppy runs away with it, and you are forty miles from the nearest shop where such a thing can be found for money. After breakfast you are bound to fish, for what else have you come thither? The hated rivals are all away early, to the best bays, and have left you not the most desirable boat, nor, perhaps, the most accomplished boatman. The weather is of one or another sort, either a livid grey, informed by a sullen wind as keen as a knife, or there is a cold steel-blue sky, over which large snowy clouds are carried at a headlong pace by a gale from the north. There is always hope in making a start: with fingers numbened you somehow rig up a cast, launch into the black and foam-flecked deep, and begin fishing. The very most depressing sport in the world is loch-fishing when trout do not take. You cast, and cast, for an hour, with never a rise. A hail-shower chills you but does not stimulate the fish. You wax sulky, and, if your manners are not good, make remarks on the loch which pain the feelings of the boatman. He tells you that the loch is just full of trout, that last week the water was "fair boiling with them," and more than insinuates that the fisher, not the fish, is in fault. You take the oars to warm yourself, and give him the rod, and a propitiatory libation from your flask. The curious thing is that the boatman can raise trout where you cannot. He knows some local peculiarity of the water; perhaps he sinks his flies, and moves them with little jerks. One has known this device prove successful. But the success is very faint; a bite every half-hour does not fulfil our expectations, as they rose on gilded wings in the air of hope, before we left town. The best plan is to land in some sheltered bay, and spin luncheon out as long as possible. The boatman is often a better "conversationalist" than most of the people you meet in London. Perhaps the most entertaining companion I ever met was a boatman: he seemed to know all the legends of the North, and when he tired of them he talked modern scandal like a society paper. However, lunch must end, and the dull mechanic toil of casting begins again. They won't have it; the north wind has "put them down," and all the while the mountains look on with a snowy sneer, for the crests and ridges are white on a leaden blue against the leaden sky. You row home "clean," as they say, unstained by the gore of trout. Later, the hated rivals come in. They have visited remote bays, and one man has caught three dozen very lanky trout; another, over two dozen, and so forth. The exhibition of fish only increases your dislike and their high disdain. You insinuate that with the dry fly, on the Test, you could show them a different picture. This introduces fishing talk, and what one may call competitive mythology. This name the cold world would give to angling reminiscences, but, for one, I have a trustful soul. I believe the fishing anecdotes which are told to me. Anglers are very voracious men. As to the size of the trout which get away, that is not a question of veracity, but of estimate. If you hook a fish by the outside, even if small, he runs so strong as to seem a monster, and perhaps a few of the magnificent trout which get away are not so large as one deems them. But to report that they were at least three pounds is not to fable, it is to report our impressions of the moment. Impressions may be wrong. On the other side, last year I had marked a small salmon flinging himself out of the water for half an afternoon. I put him at about five pounds. At last, though the water was dead low, I threw a fly over him. He leaped right out of water, and the line tightened. I soon had him on a sandy shelf, and, lo! he weighed ten pounds all but a poor quarter not worth mentioning. Moreover, I had hooked him by the tip of the tail, so that he ran hard. Yet, if he had made his escape, I could not conscientiously have reported his probable weight at more than six pounds. But the error is usually on the other side. This kind of estimate, however, is not mendacity. Fish look much bigger when first landed than they do when they have been out of water for some time. They seem to lose half a pound every quarter of an hour. Much more, then, do fish look greater than their true bulk before they are landed. Apart from such estimates, fishers are voracious men. I believe that Dr. Hamilton did twist up a tin paint-tube, spin with it, and catch trout. I believe that a friend of mine did hook a fish with his dropper, that the fish dropped the dropper, and, before the flies were off the water, rose at and took the tail fly. I believe in all the fish that men recover with their lost flies in their mouths. These things do not happen to me, but I expect to be credited when I say that a kingfisher once perched on my fishing-rod. It is a fact. No, anglers are like "my son Ben," Mr. Isaac Disraeli's son Ben, and "only tell the truth." If you want mendacity that would stagger a politician, try golfers. However, the moral and conclusion is that, in a spring fishing holiday, as springs are now, conversation is almost your only entertainment. For "the trout is a noble animal, but, in a northerly gale, he will not do so," to parody a famous remark on the horse. But a holiday is always a holiday, though in this weather I would prefer to pass mine in the undisturbed study of three hundred German commentators on Homer.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Fashion changes in everything, season by season, but surely, notwithstanding society's love of novelty, it cannot be that the new idea in entertainments will be adopted generally. It is nothing less droll than to have dancing in place of music—dancing, that is to say, in the Oriental fashion, done by a few persons for the entertainment of many! Eastern potentates who visit civilisation for the first time are amazed at the notion of a man dancing for his own diversion. Their only notion of the proceeding in question is that it is done, like any other violent and fatiguing physical labour, for money, and in order that the onlooker, who pays the dancer, may be amused. Well, this is precisely what is to be the new idea of entertainment for society. At one of the first of the season's good parties a popular stage-dancer appeared and gave her prettiest performance, just in the way that well-known singers or violinists have been accustomed to perform privately for a consideration.

Music (in private) is at a discount. We are not really a musical nation—no, not though the opera is to run this year

comedy actress of the last century, who became the second wife of the then Earl of Derby. The handsomest of Mrs. Beere's three new-antique gowns is that worn in the last scene, when it is, unfortunately, only visible for a brief period. It has a polonaise of blue and white brocade silk, made with a deep double collar or cape, the edges of which are finished with narrow cherry-coloured velvet, topped by gold galon. In front, one perceives a narrow but long-tailed waistcoat of cherry-coloured velvet, and a skirt of white satin painted by hand with pink and white chrysanthemums. A hat of white satin, with a tremendous brim, over which are drawn a series of bands of cherry velvet, making it look not unlike a cart-wheel with rosy spokes, completes this quaint and delightful "get-up."

Very much the same colouring appears in the first dress, which has a train of white satin, embroidered deeply round the bottom and along the sides with nasturtiums in natural colours; the edge of the train is turned back with velvet of the same shade cut out in a scroll pattern, and finished with gold galon, set with imitation gems. The petticoat is of white satin, covered with net embroidered closely in silver, and shimmering with countless plaques and dingle-dangles of the same shining material. Then there is the "screen scene" dress of pink and green—a pink petticoat covered completely with exquisite duchesse point lace, and the sacque polonaise of pink-and-green brocade, faced in a curious way with apple-green

course, will not be seen at the great exhibitions; but she has one picture, a life-size study of "Beatrice" at the moment when she says to her undeclared lover, "I wonder you will still be talking, Signor Benedick; nobody marks you." The costume is black and white, over white satin, with a large and handsome waist-clasp, and the expression of the countenance is very arch, audacious, and winsome. Miss Ethel Wright, who is quite young, but already successful in a promising measure, has undertaken a very ambitious subject. It is a scene that is described in Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," when the Buddha feels the call of Heaven, and knows that he must resign wife and home and peace and go forth to fulfil his mission to the world. The beautiful princess lies asleep, almost undraped; at the foot of the couch kneels Siddārtha, in the silent agony of his grief, before stealing away for ever from his darling. Miss Wright has shirked the chief difficulty of her subject by hiding the Buddha's face on his arms; but it is, nevertheless, an ambitious and successful picture.

PALM SUNDAY AT GRASSE.

With reference to our Illustrations of the places within reach of the Queen's well-chosen retreat from the cold winds of this year's English spring, we have already found much to notice



PALM SUNDAY AT GRASSE.

for twice as long as usual, and though the profession is being terribly overstocked by the multiplication of great colleges of music. It has been fashionable of late years to be musical, and the amateur, whose performance might be accepted as a running accompaniment to conversation, has been driven out of drawing-rooms by the professional, who was highly paid, and therefore must be apparently listened to appreciatively. But few guests really cared for it; most of the company would have preferred the sound of their own sweet voices, and in their hearts regarded frequent musical interruptions to conversation as rather tiresome. Accordingly, the engagements of professionals in drawing-rooms have grown more scarce and less remunerative for some few successive seasons past, and now the competition of the dancer promises to be serious. But we are to have grand opera for more than three months—are we not musical?

Miss Eames, the new prima donna whom Mr. Harris has brought us, is by birth an American, but she has for several seasons been singing in Paris with great acceptance. She is a perfect linguist, very good-looking, and dresses "from Worth." She has not previously sung in public in London, but has several times come over on purpose to sing privately at parties at the Rothschilds'. It was at one of these that Mr. Harris heard Miss Eames.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere's new dresses in "The School for Scandal" promise to be the talk of the town, so magnificent are they, and so well do they become that most graceful woman. The gowns are copied from old pictures. One is from a portrait by Romney of Miss Farren as Lady Teazle—not the "Nellie" Farren of to-day, of course, but the famous

silk. Nor are some of the other characters far behind in splendour. Miss Fitzroy, as Lady Sneerwell, has a superb hand-painted white satin petticoat under a very well-made blue brocade sacque; and Charles Surface, if he have not a guinea left, at any rate must have a trustful tailor, for his clothes are simply lovely.

When one sees the stately, formal dances of the last century, such as the "Pavane" danced in this play, one seems to comprehend why men trained to these were naturally more graceful and more (at least, outwardly) polite than their descendants. Earl Granville was not, of course, a figure of the last century, but he was one of that next younger generation in which the traditions of the courtly manners and constant graciousness of that older period were not extinct. It was a happy chance that made Earl Granville Chancellor of the University of London, at the time when women graduates first began to receive degrees. Nothing could be more charming than his bearing on such occasions. His second Countess, much younger than himself, and mother of the peer who succeeds, is noted as one of the most elegant women in society. I once saw Countess Granville holding a large shallow basket of cut flowers, while the Princess of Wales turned the blossoms over, selecting some for herself. The two rarely graceful women's figures made a group the charm of which I shall always remember, as one does that of certain immortal works of art.

Show-days in the studios have revealed how much London-dwelling artists have suffered from the long-continued fog. Many have had to lay aside altogether the large works that they had begun. Among these is Mrs. Henrietta Rae, who has only finished one picture—a very cold and dreary but beautiful "La Cigale," crouching in the autumn woods. Mrs. Jopling has been busy painting pastel portraits, which, of

in the old town of Grasse, with its extensive flower-gardens, its factories of exquisite perfumes, its confectionery of preserved fruits and syrups, and with the grand views from its lofty terraces over the delightful plain extending ten miles to the sea, or the excursions to romantic glens and rocky cliffs behind, which have been sufficiently extolled.

It will have become manifest that the whole region, not only the town of Grasse and its immediate vicinity, is one abounding with reminiscences and suggestions for contemplation, besides the diversified charms of its natural scenery, its noble mountain views, its rocks and ravines, its fair wide landscapes of hill, forest, and plain, orchards, olive-groves, palm- and orange-groves, and vast flower-gardens, which the Queen and Princesses can freely enjoy. Their life at Grasse from day to day, with the easy carriage-drives to different points of view, will be reported in the regular diary of the royal movements, for the gratification of newspaper readers. Our correspondent and Special Artist, M. Forestier, contributes a sketch of the festival of Palm Sunday, March 22, after the performance of high mass at the Cathedral. People came out of church bearing palms, or branches of laurel, which had been blessed by the priest, and sprinkled with holy water: these are to be kept in their houses, during the next twelvemonth, as sacred emblems and pledges of divine grace. Others carried branches of rose-bushes, or bouquets of roses, bound up with gilt paper; some had boxes or packets of preserved-oranges, plums, and other fruit, which they gave to the children. This was before her Majesty's arrival at Grasse; but on Easter Monday she and their Royal Highnesses witnessed, from the balcony of the Grand Hotel, that gay spectacle of the cavalcade procession, with a variety of fancy costumes and pretty devices, and the fun of people pelting each other with flowers, which is practised in the Riviera towns.



CRIMINAL PRISONERS ON THE MARCH.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SIBERIA, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

THE CAMBRIDGE AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION SYNDICATE.

BY THE REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

The Report of the Agricultural Education Syndicate, just published in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, is a very notable document. In July 1890, Mr. Chaplin, as President of the new Board of Agriculture, addressed a letter to the Duke of Devonshire, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, inviting the University to consider in what way that body might be able and willing to assist the Board "in its endeavour to promote agricultural education." A syndicate was at once appointed to consider the question; and this report is, in fact, the official reply of the University speaking through its representatives *pro hac vice*.

It is evident that the Universities have entered upon a new and larger life. Their work no longer lies outside the sentiments, occupations, and struggles of the great body of the nation. The days have gone by when the middle classes in England were generally possessed by the notion that "Cambridge College" was a place where a few hundreds of young men were taught a modicum of Greek and Latin, and another few were pitted against one another in an annual mathematical tournament, and where the winners of the great prizes sauntered through the remains of their celibate life, doing as little as they could till they got tired of the monotony. There is no place in the world where men work harder now than at the two older Universities—no place where there is more breadth of culture, more alertness in sharing in the political, philosophical, and scientific discussions that are astir, or more living and active participation in the researches and speculations which are employing the most eager and audacious intellects among us. And, because this is so, the conviction has gradually forced itself upon the public mind that the Universities, whose most distinguished ornaments have done and are doing so much, may be expected to do everything—at any rate, may be reasonably called upon to do more.

Nevertheless, there is considerable danger of our driving the willing horse too hard, and there is some danger, too, of the willing horse running away with those that are sitting behind him. Mr. Chaplin's letter, if we understand its purpose, suggested little more than this—namely, that "the Board of Agriculture, under the powers conferred upon it . . . is charged with certain duties in respect of Agricultural Education," and that the demand on the part of agriculturists for highly trained teachers of science such as would "enable them to hold their own in these days of keen competition" was in excess of the supply; therefore it was advisable to inquire how far, if at all, Cambridge could help the Board of Agriculture in providing such teachers for their adequately trained work.

It seems to us that the report of the Syndicate goes a little out of its way in dealing with a question which was not put before it. Mr. Chaplin confessed that the Board already felt the need of a staff of science leaders qualified to give instruction to practical agriculturists in danger of being the slaves of their own rules of thumb. The Syndicate at once plunge into a "Scheme for Agricultural Education." They say that the subject of providing training for teachers in agricultural science "could not be considered by itself apart from the wider subject of agricultural education in general within the University." Why not? The University provides most able teachers in the science of law, but who expects it to provide for the legal education of its graduates? Cambridge affords an admirable preliminary and elementary training for young lawyers; but the practice of the courts, the business of the advocate, the actual work of the pleader or conveyancer must be learnt when legal principles and theory have become absorbed, and when, in fact, the man has got beyond the academic stage. Of course, anyone who aspires to a career at the Bar is the better for that preliminary training; any man is the worse for the lack of it; any man who attempts to supply his early deficiency in respect of it is sure to be at a disadvantage sooner or later. But he who would trust to his University training as a legal education, and enter the great arena with a mere furniture of academic learning acquired by lectures and tested by examinations, would cut but a sorry figure when his first brief was put into his hand.

This Report again seems to us to exhibit perplexity in meeting the emergency. Cambridge as a teaching body has a certain elaborate machinery which has answered admirably so far—and Cambridge believes in that machinery. The Syndicate contemplate no departure from their established order of proceeding. "If agricultural education were taken up by the University," they say, "the persons likely to avail themselves of it would be—

1. Undergraduates taking up the study of agriculture as part of University studies directed towards obtaining a degree.
2. The teachers referred to in Mr. Chaplin's letter.
3. Men who desired to take advantage of the opportunities offered, with the view of qualifying themselves for the business of farming. . . ."

As to the third class, the Syndicate makes short work of them. They are of opinion that so few would present themselves that it is not worth while to take any account of them. So, again, with regard to the agricultural undergraduates, these too are in the future. They will consist partly of such young men as will take up the subject of agriculture as a "special" subject—one of many which will help them to get a degree on easy terms, and partly of such men as take honours in agriculture, with a view to a career *not* as practical farmers, but as teachers of farmers in the elements of agricultural botany and chemistry. There remains only to provide for the instruction of these undergraduates. How is it to be managed?

Two readerships are to be established, each at an annual stipend of £450 a year—the one in botany and the other in chemistry—and, in addition to these, the Professor of Physiology undertakes, "at a comparatively small stipend, to provide a course of lectures on the nutrition and feeding of animals." Then follow two recommendations—the one that a plot of ground be hired for carrying on agricultural experiments; the other that arrangements be made for the analysis of seeds, feeding stuffs, manures, &c.

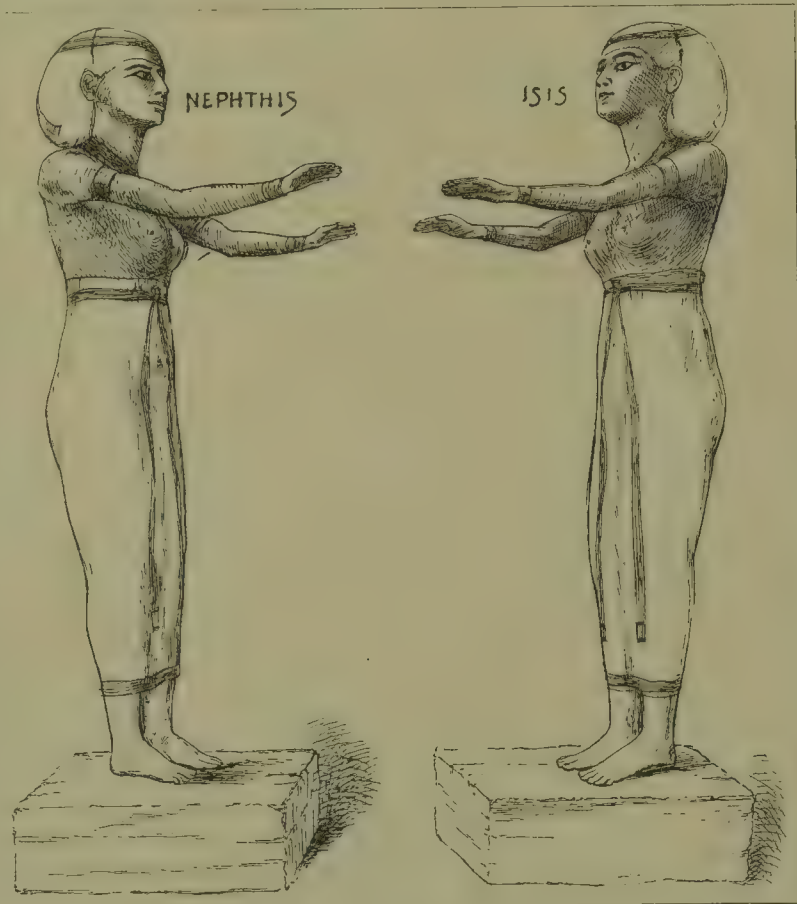
These are the suggestions to which the Syndicate have committed themselves. Time must show what the next step will be. It is by no means unlikely that the proposal will be stoutly opposed in the Senate-house, and that there may be great difficulty in carrying it. The funds at the disposal of the University are far from large, and it may very reasonably be urged that, if the Government require the help

of academics, the Government should be asked to provide for the requisite expense. On the other hand, there will be a reluctance to treat the Report with disrespect. Rarely has so strong a syndicate been got together. In addition to such representative members as would obviously be called upon to take part in the inquiry, such as the Professors of Chemistry and Physiology, four College Bursars—all experienced in the management of large estates, and with a practical knowledge of agricultural matters—have been chosen; and, in addition to those residents, whom the bad times have drawn into much closer relations with the cultivators of land than University men ever thought of heretofore, some eminent non-residents have been taken into counsel—Mr. Albert Pell, from Lincolnshire, and Lord Walsingham, from Norfolk, where he has for many years been exerting himself as the pioneer of agricultural progress, and an enlightened prosector of practical research.

Whether this Report be adopted or not, the movement can hardly help going on. One has only to look at the names of the gentlemen composing this Syndicate, and to inquire into their qualifications for dealing with the questions set before them, to be impressed by the conviction that Cambridge has an abundant supply of gifted and accomplished men, who are not only absorbed in book learning and such speculations as the multitude care little or nothing for, but that the University has a large supply of trained intellect which can be, and is, employed upon the most pressing problems of our every-day life; and if we want the help of such intellect to suggest, direct, or control us in our research, or to correct our methods where they are faulty, or to indicate new courses of inquiry, we have only to ask, and the supply will be found equal to the demand.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

Some account of the antiquarian remains at Dehr-el Bahari, on the site of Thebes, recently unearthed by M. Grébaut, Director of the Museums and Antiquities in Egypt, has appeared in this and other journals. Mr. Edgar Watkin, who was kindly permitted by M. Grébaut to make drawings of some of the objects brought on board his "dahabeeyeh" at



RECENT ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES AT THEBES, UPPER EGYPT:
FIGURES OF ISIS AND NEPHTHIS.

Luxor, sends us those of two curious figures, representing Isis and Nephthis. He writes of them as follows—

"The figures of Isis and Nephthis are two wooden statuettes found in one of the galleries of the hiding-place at the temple, packed away with twelve mummy-cases and a multitude of small images and other funereal accompaniments. Owing to the haste with which these mummies were hidden—probably in some period of national panic—there was no order of arrangement attempted, and it is therefore impossible to say to which of the mummied priests or priestesses these effigies properly belonged. We know, however, from their characteristic headdresses, that they represent Isis, the wife of Osiris, and Nephthis, the wife of Set, who, respectively, escorted the soul from its mortal tenement, and presided over its introduction into the shades. They were probably placed on either side of the mummy case, guarding the long sleep of the dead.

"It is difficult to realise that these figures were fashioned at the end of the nineteenth or beginning of the twentieth dynasty of Egyptian kings, and are roughly, therefore, contemporaneous with the Exodus of the children of Israel, about 1250 years before Christ. From a purely artistic point of view they are as beautiful as they are unique: they are 38½ in. high, and, except in facial feature, differ nothing from one another in appearance or dimensions; they are carved with an anatomical appreciation and artistic feeling quite delightful, symmetrical in proportion, expressive in attitude.

"The wood is covered with a coating of colour, the flesh being painted a light yellow ochre; the head-covering and robe white, with dark-red fillet and ribbon ornament; the necklet, armlets, and bracelets two different greens; and the robe border, near the feet, red and blue. The eyebrows and lids are dark blue, the eyeballs black, and the outlines of nostrils, lips, and ears are most delicately shown in red. Except that one of the arms no longer fits tightly on its peg, and that there are some deep cracks in the wood, and rubbing of the colour, the two statuettes are perfect.

"M. Grébaut is still in Upper Egypt, where he is superintending the extraordinary revelations shown by excavating further the Temple of Luxor, and has lighted upon a part of the sphinx-avenue and paved road, which stretches, he confidently believes, continuously from Luxor to Karnac, a distance of over a mile and a half. On his return to Cairo, the two old-world goddesses will be turned over to the Ghizeh Museum."

RUSSIAN PRISONERS ON THE MARCH IN SIBERIA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price, who has sent us Illustrations of the interior of the Russian prisons for criminal convicts at Yeniseisk and Krasnoirsk, with minute descriptions of their actual condition, furnished also the Sketch, now published, of a scene already described—the marching of a gang of these prisoners, in chains, with a guard of soldiers, on the long road to their penal destination. Much has been said of the hardships of this system, but it is admitted that the miseries of fatigue and exposure to inclement weather have been greatly lessened by the use of steamboats for the transport of prisoners, in summer and autumn, on the great rivers of Siberia, and may hereafter be more completely obviated by the construction of the projected railways, the lines of which, connecting the main provinces across the whole width of Asia with Europe, have been laid down and partially surveyed. It is probable, however, that the old system of transporting convicts from England by sea to New South Wales, adopted by the British Government more than a century ago, must often have involved greater suffering on board the small and ill-provided sailing-vessels of that period, and must have been a worse preparation for convict labour and discipline than the compulsory march overland in a salubrious though severe climate, accompanied by a party of soldiers. The transportation of captives is seldom an agreeable operation, and economy would be a sufficient motive for rendering it more expeditious; but where several thousand miles are to be traversed, with incessant vigilance to prevent their escape, the difficulties may readily be imagined. The chains and leg-fetters, which are thirty inches long, fastened to each ankle, and worn outside the trousers, are, of course, so contrived as not to impede walking at the regulation slow pace. A pair of them, with a prison-suit of clothing, was brought home by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D., an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who in 1882 commenced his extensive travels all over Siberia and Russian Central Asia, and who has visited forty or fifty of the Russian prisons and the mines in which convicts are employed. His book on this subject, "Through Siberia," in two volumes, has gone through five editions, and has been translated into several foreign languages, while he has replied to every vague impeachment of his testimony with a repeated challenge to discuss his statements of facts, with strict references to places, names, and dates. In a photograph of the author, which appears in that book, Dr. Lansdell is seen wearing the Russian convict prisoner's dress and chains.

A Swedish railway engineer, living in Russia since the Polish insurrection of 1862, writes to say: "I never saw a single act of unkindness against any of the Polish prisoners, who were carried on the Nijny railway in large numbers. Nor have I ever seen any prisoner treated anything but well, sometimes even, according to my notion, too well; that is to say, the prisoner has got less work, more food, more clothing, and better lodgings than many a free man can get by his labour; and often enough, the prisoner has experienced more kindness at the hands of prison officials than the free man from his employers." Mr. H. C. Barkley, in his recent volume, "A Ride through Asia Minor and Armenia," more than once reports conversations with Turkish soldiers in the war of 1878, who had been taken prisoners of war at Kars, and had been sent into Russia. "All spoke well of the Russians, who, they said, had treated them more like friends than enemies, giving them good food and plenty of it, and allowing them almost freedom." This kind of evidence would lead one to think some of the harrowing pictures of the ill-treatment of Russian prisoners by their own fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in Siberia may be rather exaggerated; and our Special Artist is certainly of that opinion.

"The Dream of Jubal" may fairly claim to be considered the most popular of Dr. Mackenzie's choral works. That it equals "The Rose of Sharon" in massive grandeur or absolute beauty can hardly be asserted; but the "poem with music" stands, after all, in a different category to the "dramatic oratorio," and so the comparison is not precisely inevitable. The popularity of "The Dream of Jubal" is evidenced by frequent performances in the Metropolis, at Festivals, and in all parts of the country. Only a month or so ago it was given at Hampstead, and on April 4 it formed the principal feature of the Crystal Palace Saturday concert. The performance last referred to was not by any means the best that has been heard under the direction of Mr. August Manns. It obviously needed another rehearsal to secure the excellence of *ensemble* essential for a thoroughly satisfactory rendering. Slips were noticeable here and there, and the singing of the Crystal Palace choir, which has so much improved of late, did not in this instance elicit unqualified approval. The solos were, on the whole, creditably executed. Those for the soprano were undertaken for the first time by Madame Nordica, a conscientious artist, who always enters fully into the spirit of her task. She sang her air with delightful charm and suavity, and acquitted herself splendidly in the love-duet, her companion here being Mr. Iver McKay. The quartet in the difficult "Gloria" was completed by Miss Hannah Jones and Mr. Vernon P. Taylor—both pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Charles Fry declaimed the poem with his accustomed fervour and dignity of style; while full justice was done Dr. Mackenzie's exquisite instrumentation by the famous Crystal Palace orchestra. The concert began with Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and Gounod's air "Plus grand dans son obscurité," which Madame Nordica sang with admirable feeling and *verve*, immediately preceded the cantata. The audience was not large, but very demonstrative.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich, which is the South German organ of Prince Bismarck, makes the announcement that this is the first time since 1863 that the ex-Chancellor has received no birthday congratulation from his Sovereign.

British Columbia is making active preparations for the settlement of Scotch crofters on Vancouver Island, under the scheme to which the Colonisation Committee of the House of Commons has given its approval. The £150,000 which the British Treasury is expected to lend to the Province at a low rate of interest will be applied to the gradual settlement of 1250 crofter families in fishing villages along the west coast of the island. A large tract of land has already been set apart and surveyed by the Provincial Government in the San Juan district, and as soon as Mr. Goschen assents to the loan a pioneer party will leave Scotland to prepare the way for the rest.

THE GOSPEL OF REPOSE.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

America has been so fruitful of sham gospels and quack medicines that prophets from Boston are apt to be met on the English side of the Atlantic with the same scepticism to which prophets from Nazareth were subject of old. A happy accident enabled me to take up the little book now before me—*Power through Repose*. By Annie Payson Call. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1891—without any such antagonistic bias. The accident I refer to was that which brought a little book of my own, on the psychology of acting, into Miss Call's hands, and so induced her, on the occasion of a visit to London two years ago, to make herself known to me, and to favour me with an exposition of her views on nervous and muscular economy. Miss Call has now put her thoughts on paper. Her book can be read in a couple of hours; but the reflections it suggests are not to be so hastily disposed of. It is unpretending in form, and may be understood of the people; but it specially appeals, I should say, to physicians, teachers, and artists.

We none of us know how to rest—that is the starting-point of Miss Call's argument. We are the victims of all sorts of inherited and acquired nervous contractions, which debar us from attaining even in sleep to perfect and natural repose. No sooner have we passed out of earliest childhood than we lose the power of complete muscular relaxation—of "letting go" all tension and giving full play to the recuperative influences of nature. And if we cannot give ourselves up to rest, still less can we exert our muscular energy with due economy. We live—in America even more than in England—at such a pitch of overpressure that a German doctor, going into practice in the States, found himself confronted with so many new forms of nervous disease that he grouped them all together under the name of "Americanitis." All this, of course, is no new discovery. The thing Americanitis, if not the name, has long been familiar to the faculty in England. Miss Call's originality lies in her minute observation of its symptoms in its incipient and chronic forms, and in her suggestion of a preventive and curative course of gymnastics, applicable alike to children and to adults.

"Few who pretend to rest," says Miss Call, "give up entirely to the bed, a dead weight. . . . The knees are drawn up, the muscles of the legs tense, the hands and arms contracted, and the fingers clinched, either holding the pillow or themselves. The head, instead of letting the pillow have its full weight, holds itself on to the pillow." You may think this description exaggerated; but do not rely too positively on an offhand impression. Our morbid habits have become such a second nature to us that great tension may exist without our being in the least degree conscious of it—a fact of which Miss Call convinced me by some very simple experiments. Some of her other instances of futile strain and stress may be more immediately familiar to the reader. "I do not understand why I have this peculiar sort of asthma every Sunday afternoon," a lady said to me. She was in the habit of hearing, Sunday morning, a preacher whose mind travelled so fast that the words embodying his thoughts often tumbled over one another. She listened with all her nerves, as well as with those needed; held her breath when he stumbled, to assist (!) him in finding his verbal legs; reflected every action with twice the force the preacher himself gave, and then wondered why, on Sunday afternoon, and at no other time, she had this nervous catching of the breath. . . . 'It tires me so to see people' is heard often. . . . 'Of course it tires you to see people; you see them with so much superfluous effort' can, almost without exception, be a true answer. A woman receiving a visitor not only talks all over herself, but reflects the visitor's talking all over, and so, at the end of the visit, is doubly fatigued. . . . Another common cause of fatigue with women is the useless strain in sewing. 'I get so tired in the back of my neck' is a frequent complaint. 'It is because you sew with the back of your neck' is generally the correct explanation. And it is because you sew with the muscles of your waist that they feel so strangely fatigued, and the same with the muscles of your legs or your chest.' Strain of the voice is another point on which Miss Call speaks strongly, and though her remarks are, no doubt, more pertinent to America than to England, they are by no means without their lesson for us. Her general contention is perhaps best summed up in the following passage—

The locomotive engine only utilises nineteen per cent. of the amount of fuel it burns, and inventors are hard at work in all directions to make an engine that will burn only the fuel needed to run it. Here is a much more valuable machine—the human engine—burning, perhaps, eighty-one per cent. more than is needed to accomplish its ends, not through the mistake of its Divine Maker, but through the stupid, short-sighted thoughtlessness of the engineer.

What, now, is the remedy for all this waste of nerve and muscle? It lies in a course of gymnastic, which aims at acting on the mind through the body, and on the body through the mind.

Each of the limbs, and finally the trunk, is to be put through a series of exercises. They are all, in appearance, simplicity itself, the only mechanical appliance required being a footstool; but I can answer for it that they are not at all easy to master. When you have acquired the art of perfect muscular relaxation, and furthermore the art of using each muscle by itself, without bringing half a dozen others unnecessarily into play, you will find that a moral as well as a physical improvement gradually sets in. You will be able to encounter and pass through the worries of life, great and small, with far less mental friction than before, and you will even be able to endure physical pain with less fatigue, because you will yield to it and let it pass through you, instead of clenching your teeth and battling against it. Mental concentration, too, will come much easier to you; just as you can exert one muscle without bringing all the rest into action, so you will be able to set one faculty to work without suffering the others to hamper and distract it.

Miss Call's theory is especially interesting in its application to the arts, and chiefly to those of singing and acting. In the

never-ending controversy started by Diderot, and continued of late years by Mr. Irving, M. Coquelin, and others, Miss Call is neither an emotionalist nor an anti-emotionalist—belongs neither to the "school of hysteria," as she calls it, nor to the "school of hypocrisy." Acting, she maintains, should be sincere, yet not emotional. The player who has perfect mastery of his nerves and muscles will treat his body as a sort of passive conduit-pipe through which to let the emotions of the character flow to the audience—

I must feel Juliet in my heart, understand her in my mind, and let her vibrate clearly across my nerves to the audience. The moment I let my nerves be shaken as Juliet's nerves were in reality, I am absorbing her myself, misusing nervous force, preparing to come off the stage thoroughly exhausted, and keeping her away from the audience.

I have not yet seen any competent criticism of Miss Call's position, either from the physiological or from the educational side. Miss Call herself, who has devoted her life to the science and practice of education, avers that she has tried her system upon whole classes of schoolgirls with excellent results—hygienic and artistic. Certain it is that, even if the theoretical statement of her case be open to criticism, her book abounds in practical hints and suggestions of the utmost value. It is the work of an alert intelligence inspired by a fine enthusiasm for physical and moral health and beauty.

PARLIAMENT HALL, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

"Royal Edinburgh," of which Mrs. Oliphant has made as much as she could in a recent book, was not the original or the constant abode of the Kings of Scotland, but exhibits, both in Holyrood Palace and in some portions of the castle, interesting memorials of their troubled reign. The most ancient and venerable is the small Norman chapel in the castle, which attests the piety of Queen Margaret, the Saxon consort of Malcolm Canmore. Four centuries later, the Stuarts or Stewarts having succeeded the Bruces, came James I., released from English captivity, who established his Court in Edinburgh, and built the stately ceremonial chamber which has now been restored in a handsome condition. This work has been performed at the cost of a munificent citizen, the



THE RESTORED PARLIAMENT HALL IN EDINBURGH CASTLE.

late Mr. W. Nelson, acting on the suggestion of Lord Napier of Ettrick and Major Gore Booth, and, of course, with the sanction of the Crown. Mr. Hippolyte Blanc, the architect, has designed and directed the restorations with much good taste and great care to preserve all the features of its original aspect.

Since the middle of the last century, the hall, used as a military hospital for the garrison of the castle, had been divided into several floors with small rooms, its fine old windows blocked up, and its lofty timber roof hidden by a plain ceiling, while the decorative parts were either destroyed or covered. Its dimensions are 84 ft. length, 30 ft. breadth, and about 30 ft. height. The four large windows, on the south side, overlooking that part of Edinburgh, and commanding a good view of Blackford Hill and the Braid Hills, are now reopened, and are filled with glass on which the armorial bearings of Scottish kings, nobles, prelates, and other historical personages are emblazoned in colours. The old roof, a fine example of carpentry, is again made visible; and the arms of all the constables or governors of the castle are painted on struts at the end of the rafters. The floor is of stone, laid out in a geometrical pattern, but the space usually reserved for the dais is of marble, similarly treated. The walls are panelled to the height of 14 ft., the wood being carved in tracery of the Renaissance style, which is also displayed in the screen and gallery. There is a fine chimney-piece of dressed stone, with a row of shafts supporting a canopy, and corbels for four statues at the angles. The general effect of the hall, as restored, is very good; and the hangings, metal-work, and other accessories help to set it off well. Adjacent passages and a staircase to the buttery and to the kitchen have been recovered, making the building complete.

It was in this "Parliament Hall" that the estates of the realm, Lords and Commons sitting together, were convened by the King in 1458, and other historical events took place here. Charles I., after his coronation, received the homage of his Scottish lieges in this hall.

The Anglo-American Art Colour Company have lately sent us some specimens of their artists' colours, which are remarkable both for their quality and cheapness. The mineral colours are especially good, being rich in tone and free from grit, and also the madders and other transparent colours, which are excellent as regards purity and brilliancy. We must also note the method of packing, a specialty of the firm, by which cardboard boxes of the colours can be safely sent any distance by post.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Is there such a thing as a special child-language? Recently Dr. Hale White and Mr. C. H. Golding Bird brought under the notice of a medical society a very curious case, in which two boys, brothers, expressed their thoughts in a language which was decidedly not "understood of the people." The one lad differed from his brother in the sounds he used. Asked to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the one boy began: "Ah [Our] Sahyee [Father] yee [which] ahtee [art] ee [in] ah-yah [heaven], hahdō [Hallowed] bee [be] dah [Thy] ah [name]." His brother, repeating the same words, said: "Ah Fahwee wis aht ee cewee, Hahdee be Di nahim." The sounds, it is added, do not resemble those of any known language, though I should like to hear the opinion of Professor Max Müller on this point; but the same sound was always used by the child to express the same word. The children are intelligent. They can read ordinary English correctly, and understand what they read. They also write correct English. One of the boys was left-handed; but no physical defect was observable in either. A medical critic remarked that the jargon of the boys was not a new language, but merely English incorrectly pronounced; yet the same remark might surely be applied as consistently and as justly to dialects which are not English in nature. This gentleman, however, admitted that the prefixing of an initial vowel was peculiar, and occurred in the South Sea Islander's dialect and in old French. The suffixes occurred in the Mexican and Italian tongues.

Cases like these have a much wider interest for the man of science than is included in their purely medical aspect. They seem to point out to us that "sports" or reversions are as apt to occur in our functional existence as in our material organs, and that possibly such instances as those to which I refer are explicable on the theory that the children are unconsciously reproducing some ancient and forgotten dialect, transmitted to them from some latent and remote ancestral source. How far the actual mental condition of the subjects of this curious affection is responsible for the production of their language is both an open and a difficult question; but the instances given are worthy of being followed up by those versed in philological details, if only by way of discovering whether there exists any basis for the opinion that the children may owe their peculiarity to some "throw back" in speech. The case of another child was cited at the meeting at which the two brothers were shown; this third child, eight and a half years old, adding the syllables "idā" and "ādā" to nearly every word he uttered. An improvement in his speech was brought about after educated effort. Thus the first six words of the Lord's Prayer were rendered by him as "Onarda Parada, id arda a haida"—which looks, at first sight, like Anglo-Saxon in the rough. After a little training, the same words were rendered as "Oner Facrda we ad a even."

Curiously enough, after perusing the account given of these children and their speech peculiarities, I chanced to light upon a letter, written from Rome to a scientific contemporary, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, on the formation of language. It may prove interesting to my readers if I reproduce Mr. Stillman's letter in full. He says: "Several years ago, being interested in speculations on the development of language, and having a son a few months old, I instituted a series of minute observations on the part of the entire family as to his utterances. The result, curious at the time, has received a new interest from a later observation. The nursery maid who had charge of the boy did not understand a word of English, Italian being the language spoken with the domestics exclusively. The first articulations of the child were evidently meaningless mimicry of what he heard from us, and it had so much the character of English speech that the maid supposed he was speaking English. There was no attempt to catch or repeat any word—only a gabble, a gibberish, in which we were not able to detect any resemblance to any word of any language. This continued for several weeks, when we perceived that he began to repeat certain sounds to which we found that he attached definite meaning, and as this progressed he left off his incoherent imitation of our language, and he soon had coined a small vocabulary for himself, comprising words for bread, water, milk, &c. The first word we distinguished was, as nearly as I can render it, 'bumbhoo,' meaning water. This phase continued some weeks also, when he began to couple our words for his objects with his own—as 'bumbhoo-aqua,' when he wanted water. Little by little he dropped his own words and began speaking only Italian. The three stages of the development of language were perfectly distinguishable, but I supposed that the words the child contrived were purely arbitrary, and am inclined to think so still; but during a late visit to Greece I went over to Crete, and, visiting in the family of an old Cretan friend, I was interested in a little boy—his young son—who was in the state of development of speech which I have noted in ours at the second. He had only got two or three words, but that for water was precisely the same as that which my own little boy had invented. Have any of your readers who have the watching of child-talk made any analogous observations?"

These remarks are very pertinent indeed, it appears to me, in connection with the suggestion already made regarding the possibility of children repeating words or dialects which have practically become obsolete. These dialects may thus be reproduced unconsciously, and as part and parcel of that great scheme of living nature we call evolution. They demonstrate how lost-and-gone acts, traits, and characters may now and then come to the front in the modern history of our race, and it is desirable, I repeat, that our philologists should tell us if such suppositions are credible, or are worth more than a passing thought.

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO MANIPUR, ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER OF INDIA.



THE BRITISH CANTONMENTS, LANGTOHAL, MANIPUR.



MAO THANA, A FRONTIER VILLAGE OF MANIPUR.



THOHAL, MANIPUR, THE FORT CAPTURED BY LIEUTENANT GRANT.

LITERATURE.

THE HOUSE OF MURRAY.

BY CHARLES JAMES LONGMAN.

This book* deserves to find, and assuredly will find, many readers. The subject is interesting to all lovers of English literature, and it has been treated by Dr. Smiles with the utmost skill. The career of a publisher has long attracted a degree of attention which is out of all proportion to the magnitude of the trade or to the profits to be derived from it. No publisher has ever made a fortune in any way comparable with the vast sums amassed by contractors, ironmasters, cotton-spinners, financiers, or by many other traders. Yet there is no trade in which there is greater competition to obtain a partnership in a good firm, or in which there is a more constant stream of young men of good position anxious to embark their capital. The reason is, no doubt, that a successful publisher is brought into contact with the brightest intellects of his time, and that, if he cannot hope to become a millionaire, he will, at any rate, find the satisfaction of being engaged in a useful and an intensely interesting pursuit. The truth of this proposition is made evident by the fascinating correspondence printed by Dr. Smiles in these two volumes.

The house of Murray dates, we are told, from the year 1768, in which John MacMurray, a lieutenant of Marines, retired on half-pay, and bought the bookselling business of William Sandby, at 32, Fleet Street, the site now occupied by Messrs. Philip and Son, the geographical publishers. MacMurray, who was descended from the Murrays of Athol, chose a profession which has been followed by many of his countrymen. At the present moment a considerable number of the leading publishers are Scotchmen, among them being the Blackwoods, Blackies, Nelsons, Collins, Chambers, Macmillans, Blacks, besides the Murrays. The Scotch have earned the reputation of being cautious and thrifty folk, and these qualities are very necessary in the publishing trade. The business founded by John MacMurray has been handed down from father to son to the fourth generation, and its history affords evidence (if any be needed) of the value of the hereditary principle in business. It remains to be proved whether the system of managing a commercial undertaking by a board of directors, many of them amateurs, and a paid secretary, with limited liability, will be as conducive to the stability of mercantile houses as the old system, under which a man learnt his business, embarked his whole fortune and energies in it, and brought up his son to follow in his footsteps.

John MacMurray was not, on the whole, so successful as his successors. This may partly be due to the fact that he was not born to it, and possibly he may have been of too impulsive a nature, with no natural taste for the laborious details which are of the essence of the publishing trade. In 1777 he writes to a friend—

"I am fatigued from morning till night about twopenny matters, if any of which is forgotten I am complained of as a man who minds not his business. I pray Heaven for a lazy and lucrative office, and then I shall with alacrity turn my shop out of the window."

His career of twenty-five years is introductory to the main subject of the book, but we get some interesting glimpses of the eighteenth century. MacMurray sent a representative to Ireland, which then, as now, lived up to its reputation of "the most distressful country." In 1769 his agent writes from Dublin—

"On receipt of thine"—he was a Quaker—"I constantly applied to Alderman Faulkener, but he told me that he would not give a shilling for any original copy whatever, as there is no law or even custom to secure any property in books in this kingdom (Ireland). None of the trade here will transport books at their own risk. This is not a reading but a hard drinking city."

Things are somewhat better at the present time, but even now the children in Irish elementary schools are obliged to learn to read from antiquated books prescribed by the Government, while every other British subject can be helped in his education by the splendid variety of reading books which have been produced of late years by the energy and competition of the publishers.

MacMurray published some good books—for example, Mitford's "History of Greece" and Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Lavater's work on "Physiognomy" was his last enterprise, and let us hope his worst, for he lost £3900. In 1793 he died, and John Murray the Second—Byron's Murray—reigned in his stead.

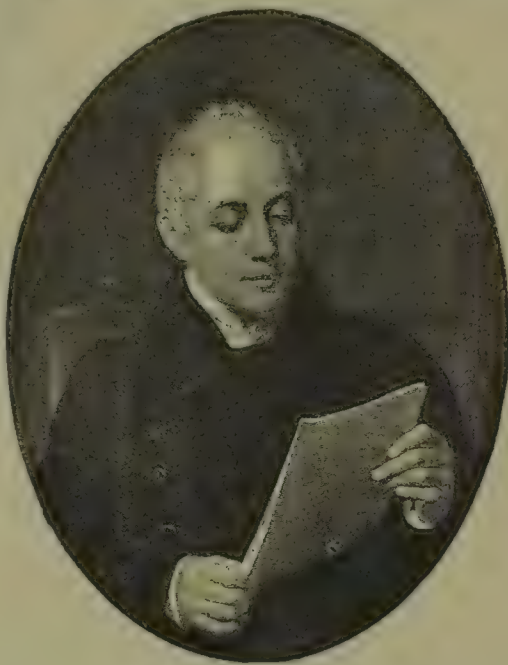
At his father's death young John Murray (he dropped the Mac) was only fifteen years old. He remained at school two years longer, and in 1795 went to business. He worked till the year 1842, when he died in harness. This period was one of the highest interest both in English literature and also in the bookselling trade. It is unnecessary to enumerate here the great writers who adorned the first half of the present century. In the bookselling world this period covered the rise and fall of the great Scotch houses of Constable and Ballantyne—names still honourably known in the printing trade—and it also covered the transition from the old system of co-operative publication to the modern system under which the large majority of books are issued with the imprint of one publishing house only, and under which the risk of publication is borne by one firm. The most important event in the early part of Mr. Murray's career was the connection he formed with the Constables. Archibald Constable was not of the typical Scotch character, and, in fact, his want of the national caution was his ruin. He started business in 1795, and in 1802 he came to the front by establishing the *Edinburgh Review*. To this success, no doubt, was due his connection with Walter Scott, whose "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published by Constable in January 1805. This period has been considered the golden age of the Scotch publishing trade, and rightly. The birth of the *Edinburgh Review*, and, somewhat later, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the publication of Scott's poems, and of the most famous series of novels of any age, cast a glamour over the period. But no doubt the publishing trade of Scotland is now far more extensive and far sounder than it was in those days. The publication of the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" by Messrs. A. and C. Black was a far more stupendous undertaking than any Constable ever dreamed of, and the educational works of Messrs. Nelson have made the name of that firm a household word wherever English is taught. Strictly speaking, these latter achievements bring more personal credit on the Scotch publishers of to-day than did the ventures of their forefathers, whose good fortune it was to live when there were giants in the land.

Constable placed the London sale of the *Edinburgh Review* and one half-share in the venture in the hands of Messrs. Longman, who have for many years been its sole proprietors. Constable and the Longmans were intimate allies, and so zealous were the Longmans in furthering Constable's interests as to

elicit a protest, signed by Peter Hill, Elphinstone and Balfour, Manners and Miller, John Anderson, William Blackwood and William Creech, booksellers of Edinburgh, who thought that the Constables were being unduly favoured by the London house. This protest is dated Oct. 11, 1804, but the following year differences arose between the two firms. These differences increased, and a breach took place. This was Murray's opportunity. On Dec. 1, 1805, Constable's wrote to Murray offering him their London agency and all that it involved.

Nothing is more to the credit of John Murray II. than the part he took in this affair. The letters of Owen Rees from Edinburgh at this date to his partners, Messrs. Longman, in London, which are still in the possession of the firm, show how bitter feeling had grown, and what a change had come to pass since the protest of October 1804. What would have been easier than to have quietly stepped into the vacant agency—even to have fanned the flames, if that were necessary? Far different was Murray's conduct. Dr. Smiles quotes the letters written by Murray to Constable and to the Longmans, in which he strives his utmost to heal the breach. In spite of his good offices, the severance came; but the part played by Murray is not likely to diminish the satisfaction with which the present representatives of the houses of Murray and Longman can look back on their century of rivalry and friendship. Murray henceforth became the London publisher of Constable's works, among others those of Walter Scott, who was shortly to publish "Marmion." On Oct. 9, 1807, Owen Rees writes again from Edinburgh to his firm: "Entre nous, I have seen Ballantyne, and learn that he is printing 2000 of Scott's new poem in quarto; that [Constable] and Co. retain two fourths share themselves; that Miller and Murray have one fourth between them; that one fourth is retained in case of any arrangement being made with us." The resentment of the Longmans was too deep to admit of their entering on the enterprise jointly with Constable, and, much though he regretted parting with them, Scott's loyalty to his old friend and fellow-countryman, Constable, would not allow him to throw him over. Even had he known that he then stood at the parting of the ways, and foreseen what his fidelity to the Scotch houses would have cost him, no one can doubt that his decision would have been the same. He writes on Jan. 16, 1807 (I quote from an unpublished letter)—

"I have had many hints before, and since, I began my poem that my copy money might be raised by changing my



JOHN MURRAY THE SECOND.

publishers. But, on the one hand, I want only a reasonable value for my labour and not a speculative price, and, on the other, I think I should act unhandsonably by my old friends Longman and Co. were I to hawk about for the highest offer. The same argument applies to Messrs. Constable and Co., and even more powerfully, because they are my fellow-citizens. I am in their shop five times a week when in town; they have been anxious to seek out opportunities of showing me kindness, and, finally, I have a particular personal regard both for Mr. Constable and Mr. Hunter. I deeply regret the misunderstanding between your houses, of which I have long ago said I would neither be judge nor party, but while I was permitted to do so would continue the mutual friend of both."

Even the London agency of the *Edinburgh Review* was transferred to Murray, the Longmans receiving £1000 for their share in it. It did not, however, remain long with Murray, and in due course became, as has been said, the sole property of the Longmans. Neither was the connection between Murray and Constable destined to last long. Murray soon began to protest against the unsound system of finance which was practised both by the Constables and the Ballantynes. How it finally overwhelmed both houses, and how Scott was involved in the ruin, has been often told, as also has the story of the splendid energy and courage with which Scott devoted himself to the task of repairing the disaster.

No doubt Murray's brief experience as publisher of the *Edinburgh Review* turned his thoughts in the direction of starting a rival review. This eventually took shape in the production of the *Quarterly*, the first number of which appeared in February 1809. Gifford, the editor, and Lord Byron are the two leading figures in Dr. Smiles's book, after Murray himself. Gifford's was a personality of the highest interest. Born of very poor parents, with a ne'er-do-weel father, and suffering from chronic ill-health from boyhood to the day of his death, he yet achieved a position of unique authority in the literary society of the day. In Dr. Smiles's volumes will be found a full account of the inner history of the foundation of the *Quarterly Review*. It was avowedly intended to compete with the *Edinburgh*, and, if possible, counteract what its promoters considered the evil influence of that review. Times change, and it is now somewhat difficult to understand that the *Edinburgh* can have ever been seriously regarded as "Jacobinical" and revolutionary. However that may be, it was undoubtedly lively, as Murray admits in his letter (Vol. I. p. 93) to Mr. Canning. The early numbers of the *Quarterly* steered clear of the dangerous doctrines of the *Edinburgh*; but they were also thought to be somewhat dull. However, it improved as it went on, and finally became a splendid property.

Undoubtedly his connection with the strange and eventful literary career of Lord Byron was the passage in Murray's life which had the greatest effect on his fortunes. Its story has often been told, and Murray the Second is known in literary history as Lord Byron's Murray. Still, Dr. Smiles has found

much that is new and much that is interesting to say on this subject. It is impossible, within the limits of this review, to follow in detail the points of interest connected with the publication of Lord Byron's poems. It is also impossible even to enumerate the distinguished authors who were John Murray's friends.

One of the most characteristic features both of the man and the time were Mr. Murray's afternoon levées in his drawing-room in Albemarle Street. These gatherings appear to have taken place daily between three and five in the afternoon. As the dinner hour was very early in those days, one wonders how it was possible to carry on the more strictly routine part of a publisher's business in what was left of the day. But sixty years ago the hurry which spoils life nowadays was unknown. Not nearly so many books were published, and a delay of a few months more or less mattered little. If a book were to be out of print for a time no great harm was done: the life of a novel or a book of travels was long enough to stand a temporary suspension of vitality. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, but are we the better for it? Many of us would gladly change the hurry of to-day for the more dignified and leisurely pace of the times in which flourished John Murray the Second.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Friendly critics have hinted that the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* are less of newspapers and more of magazines than formerly. This is not the case. The *Illustrated London News* has merely extended the principle of signed contributions which obtained in the paper when Peter Cunningham, Charles Mackay, Albert Smith, and Mr. George Augustus Sala were members of its staff. Now, as then, it aims at presenting a pictorial record of the social and political life of the times, and any change that may have taken place in its reading matter is but the difference between 1842—when there were few daily newspapers—and 1891. Were the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* to give signed contributions in place of anonymous ones, it would scarcely justify the charge that they had been converted into magazines.

In the April number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie continues those delightful reminiscences of hers entitled "Chapters from some Unwritten Memoirs." She gives us a glimpse of Samuel Rogers "standing in the middle of the room nodding his head—a little like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face." "Will you come to live with me?" he said to Mrs. Ritchie's sister. "You shall be as happy as the day is long. You shall have a white pony to ride, and feed upon red-currant jelly." This prospect was so alarming that the poor child burst into tears. Still more interesting is the story of the abundance of cats that were kept in the Thackeray household at Kensington: "My sister used to adopt and christen them all in turn by the names of her favourite heroes. She had Nicholas Nickleby, a large grey tabby, and Martin Chuzzlewit, and a poor little half-starved Barnaby Rudge." But the enchantment and the pathos of the latest instalment of Mrs. Ritchie's autobiography—for that we may almost call it—is an account of a party at Charles Dickens's house. "We were a little shy coming in alone in all the consciousness of new shoes and ribbons, but Mrs. Dickens called us to sit beside her till the long sweeping dance was over, and talked to us as if we were grown up, which is always flattering to little girls. Then Miss Hogarth found us partners, and we too formed part of the throng."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Light that Failed," after passing through edition after edition in *Lippincott*, at last finds its way to us in volume form, altered considerably from the shape in which magazine readers have known it. In *Lippincott* the story closes to the sound of wedding-bells: in the new version the intended bride shrinks horror-stricken from her blind lover, and disappears from the story long before it concludes. The hero passes through many distressingly sordid adventures, and is finally shot in the Soudan. We do not think that "The Light that Failed" can compare for one moment with Mr. Kipling's Indian stories. There are fifteen chapters, of which the first alone is worth preserving, and the two newly added ones are least so.

The retirement of Mr. Registrar Hazlitt from the London Bankruptcy Court reminds us that one who has done a good deal for letters has, like his grandfather's friend Lamb, become "Retired Leisure." Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has, by some stern bibliographers, been considered inaccurate; but we can forgive him this, in that he has done so much for our older literature, and edited such books as "Warton's History of English Poetry" and the best translation of "Montaigne's Essays." Lamb kept his own hand in by voluntary labour after he had retired. May we suggest a task for Mr. Hazlitt, now he no longer has to pry into the peccadilloes of the impecunious? Let him rewrite that "Memoir of William Hazlitt" which he published in 1867. It can, with the additional material now available, be much improved, and it may have an index. In his preface of 1867 Mr. Hazlitt says he sometimes indulged in the belief that the readers of William Hazlitt were on the increase. They certainly are now, as the reprints of his books, the labours of Mr. Alexander Ireland, and the criticism of Mr. Saintsbury all prove. Give us, Mr. Ex-Registrar—give us a better memoir of one of the most virile critics of our century.

It is time that we had a more complete and comprehensive selection from Burns's poems than the well-intentioned compilation of Mr. Coventry Patmore. This good work is being performed by Mr. W. E. Henley, who will, if anyone can, do full justice to the task, and all the more so, perhaps, inasmuch as with him 'tis a true labour of love. From the same hand is very shortly forthcoming a collection of poems for boys, which will supply a distinct want in our anthological literature. Besides other stirring and salutary wares, the volume contains one or two of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's best ballads.

New Books and New Editions.—"Famous Golf Links," by Horace G. Hutchinson, Andrew Lang, &c., illustrated by T. Hodge and others (Longmans); "The Log of a Jack Tar, or The Life of James Choyce, Master," edited by Commander Cameron, Adventure Series (T. Fisher Unwin); "Stafford House Letters," edited by Lord Ronald Gower (Kegan Paul and Co.); "The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide for 1891," twenty-first annual issue (J. S. Phillips, 121, Fleet Street); "The Medical Register, 1891" (Spottiswoode and Co.); "The Dentists' Register, 1891" (Spottiswoode and Co.); "Memoir of John Murray," by Dr. Samuel Smiles, 2 vols. (John Murray); "The Seal of Fate," by Lady Pollock and W. H. Pollock (Longmans); "The History of Pickwick," by Percy Fitzgerald (Chapman and Hall); "Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand," edited by the Duc de Broglie, translated by Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort (Griffith and Farran); "The Light that Failed," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan.)

* *Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray. With an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768-1843.* By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. Two volumes. London: 1891. John Murray.

HUMOURS OF THE CENSUS.

Millions of schedules, tons of stationery, armies of enumerators—in a word, a gigantic apparatus of discomfort: this is the Census. The bewildering bulk of it makes you wonder what sort of a man the Registrar-General can be. Does his nervous system get out of order as the decennial term approaches? Is he irritable in his household? Do his best friends shrug their shoulders, and say with a condoling smile—"Poor Henniker! He has got the Census again," as if it were some physical malady like gout? Does he exclaim with Macbeth, "Now comes my fit again," when he has to sit down to the preliminaries for the numbering of the people and compile those wonderful instructions for the enlightenment of the enumerators, who, if they were left to themselves, would forget pen and ink, or even blotting-paper? Not much is known of Sir Brydges Henniker's personality, and perhaps it is just as well for his peace of mind. If his sworn enemy were to do him the ill turn of circulating his portrait, his life would not be worth living. He would have to conceal his address, and go about in disguise, lest he should be mobbed by irate spinsters who would soon reduce him to such a condition that he would probably be unable to fill up Section Eleven of his own Census paper, which prescribes the description of mental or bodily infirmity.

But if the Registrar-General escapes from popular criticism, not so the enumerator. There are many forms of personal humiliation. The sandwich-man is commonly supposed to represent the lowliest point of human insignificance. But the sandwich-man may pursue his way in tranquillity. He is at least free to meditate on mortal ills, though he may carry the most exciting announcements on his back and chest. But the enumerator has to run the gauntlet of suspicion and

contumely. Our Artist has represented him in various stages of suffering. He knows the small boy and the resources of infant satire. There may linger in some places a tradition of the marvellous spirit with which some juvenile Ther-sites chaffed the minion of Sir Brydges. But in ten years ever so many urchins have sprung up to whom the sport is new. An enumerator, with a bag and a memorandum-book and blotting-paper, is a portent that seems specially invented for the diversion of the street arab. He has not acquired the coolness of the regular official. He is not encased in rolls of red tape. He is too timid for a tax-collector, and he wears no uniform like a policeman. The only thing he has in common with the seasoned servants of the State is that he is underpaid. One point about him is clear to the general intelligence. He carries blue papers, and



THE MAN WHO REFUSES TO FILL UP THE SCHEDULE, AND DEFILES THE ENUMERATOR.

privacy of his simple household to a prying aristocracy! "O Society! O Class Legislation! shall this be?" You can see that the democrat who will not fill up his paper knows that the whole thing is "a plant." It's intended to let the Government know how many honest poor there are, so that the "nobs" may crush them with their mounted police. There will be some oratory about this outrage to a sympathising audience before the day is over. Equally distrustful is the lodging-house deputy, who evidently takes the innocent enumerator for a detective. "That sort of chap don't come down our way unless he's up to no good. Wants to know our professions or occupations, does he? Well, there's some professions and occupations as don't concern anybody except their owners. And what's *his* profession, I should like to know! Stickin' his nose into other people's business! Let him put *that* down on his blue paper!" All this and more to the same purpose, but in less polite diction, you can read in that deputy's eye.

But the enumerator's chief trouble is with the women. They lie about their ages, says an indignant official, to such an extent that "it is impossible to calculate with any accuracy the value of the lives of our female population." That is a cold scientific criticism of a common feminine



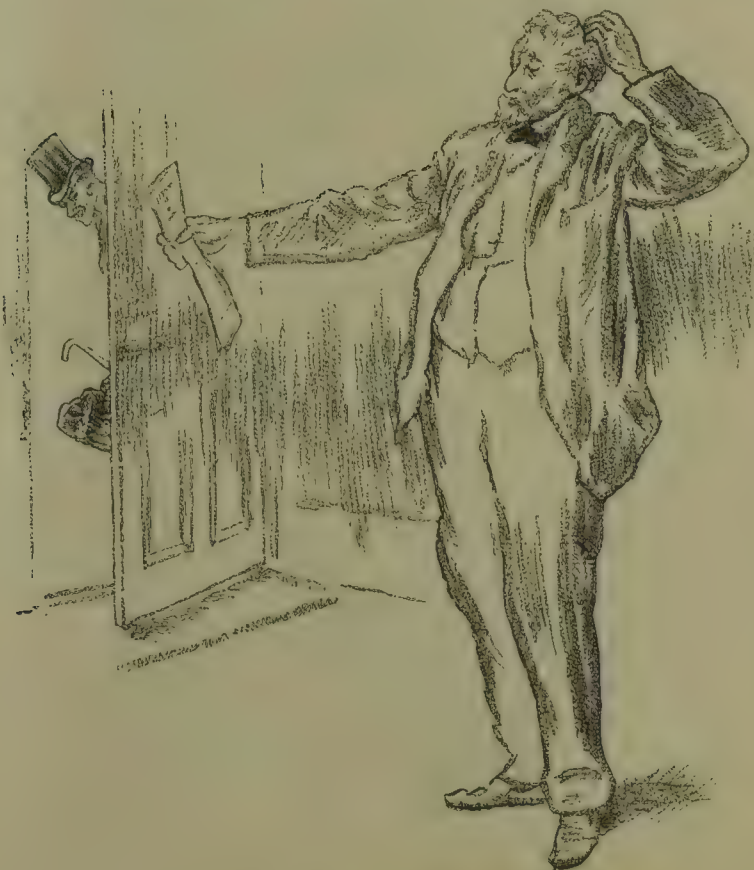
THE LADY WHO SAYS SHE HAS SENT HER SCHEDULE, SEALED, TO THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

blue papers are as welcome to most of her Majesty's subjects as blue pills to immature invalids. No wonder the numbering of the people in the old times was supposed to be the prelude of fresh taxation! An enumerator with his blue paper looks like the myrmidon of a crafty Government, that chooses this apparently inoffensive agent in the hope of deluding its victims. This is evidently the opinion of the vigilant janitor who is eyeing him through that very small opening of the door. The moment you touch a blue paper you are in for something extra in the pound. Worse still, it may be a summons. "What's this?" demands the working-man, glaring indignantly at the document. He has been taken unawares. The law has swooped down upon him. He has a confused recollection of various black eyes he has distributed among his neighbours in the past week. "This must be Bill Smith! Yes, it's like Bill to round on a man, and send a bloke with a shiny hat and a blue paper from the beak. But if this ain't a case for a *hallybi*, there's no justice in this world."

Other men are more philosophical under this unmerited affliction. Here is the citizen who lights his pipe with the schedule. The act recalls Mr. Eccles in "Caste." He would have treated the schedule precisely in that lofty manner. He would have puffed away at his pipe with a disdain stupendous enough to paralyse all the enumerators in the kingdom. Or, like the hero in another picture, he would have favoured the enumerator with a burst of rhetoric. What! disclose the innermost



THE MAN WHO LIGHTS HIS PIPE WITH THE SCHEDULE.



"WHAT'S THIS?"

THE INCREASE OF
POPULATION.

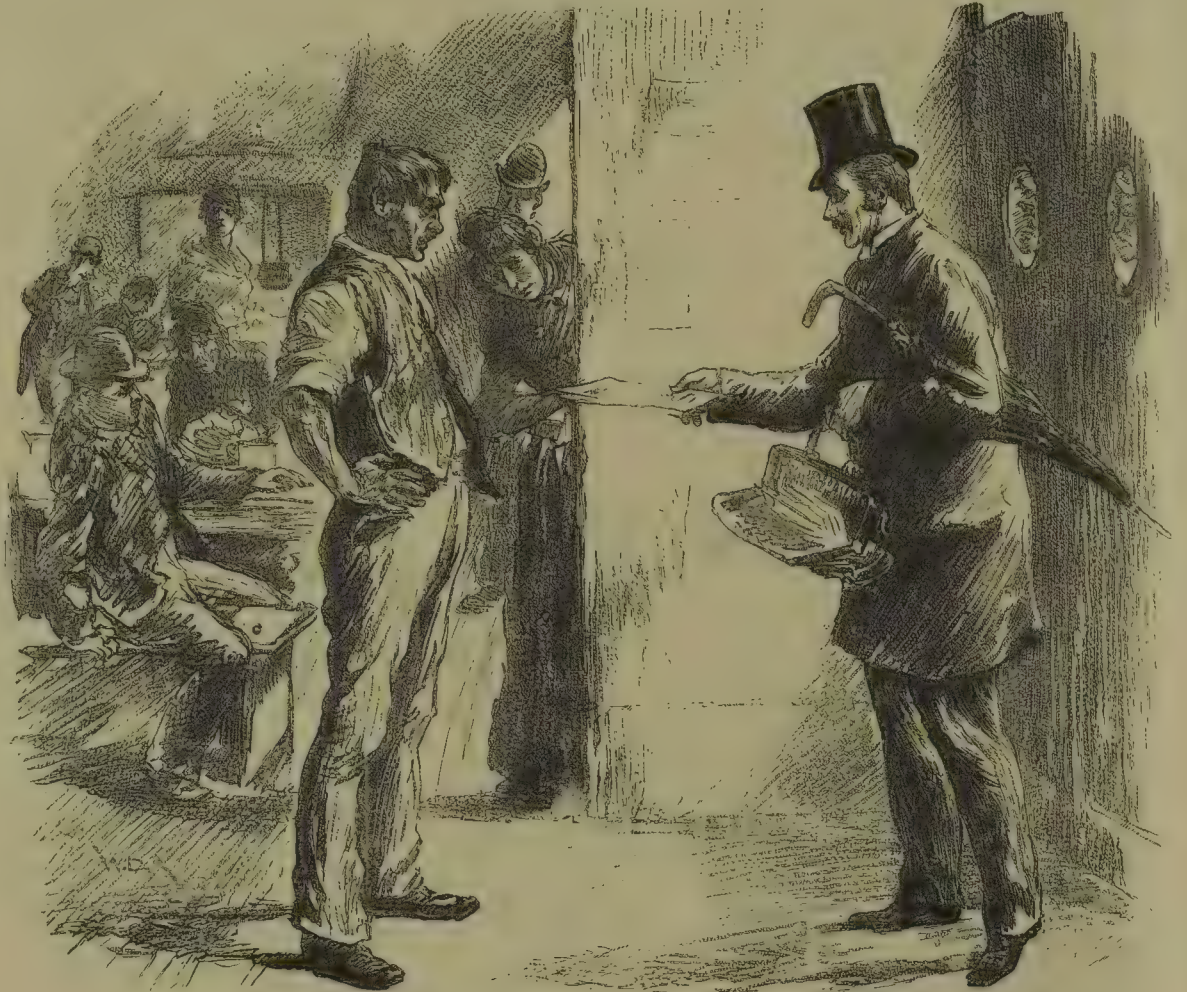
There seems to be some reason to suspect that the increase of population in the United Kingdom during the last ten years will fall below the official estimate. It is expected that the total population will reach 38,652,244, though how these figures are reached it needs an official mind to comprehend. But Dr. G. B. Longstaff is equal not only to this exploit, but also to the task of showing that the official estimate is likely to be wrong, and that the total will not exceed 37,873,000. Dr. Longstaff has had considerable experience in these calculations. He is a close observer of the fluctuations in the birth and death rates, and he follows the floating population with vigilant solicitude. Indeed, Dr. Longstaff would make an ideal enumerator, and it is impossible to study his contribution to the literature of the Census without feeling convinced that, if the whole thing had been left in his hands, he would

have produced a perfectly accurate return, and endeared himself to the people into the bargain. Dr. Longstaff points out that the birth and death rates for the past decade vary very materially from the rates for the preceding ten years. Had these been maintained, the natural increase of population for the United Kingdom would have been 4,780,297. But, as a matter of fact, the registered births and deaths make a very notable change in these figures, and the deficiency amounts to 356,773. There has been a remarkable fall in the birth rate in every division of the United Kingdom, and in England and Scotland the decline of the death rate is equally striking. In England, Wales, and Ireland these variations have materially checked the increase of population, though in Scotland the changes in the birth and death rates have nearly balanced each other. On the important points of emigration and immigration Dr. Longstaff is not quite so confident. But he calculates the net excess of emigration at 520,536, which, added to the decrease of native population, makes a total of 879,309. From this foreigners are deducted to the number of 100,000, and thus Dr. Longstaff obtains a net deficiency of about three quarters of a million on the official estimate. It will be interesting to note how these figures correspond with the actual result of the Census, but at present Dr. Longstaff makes a good claim to the title of Grand Enumerator.



TAKEN FOR A TAX-COLLECTOR.

weakness. But what on earth do these ladies care about the calculation which scientific gentlemen want to be as accurate as possible? If a woman has no right to make herself as old as she pleases, where is the boasted liberty of the subject? Wives need not live with their husbands now if they change their minds on the wedding-day. So why may not a spinster vary her age according to the seasons and the fluctuations of her complexion? The scientific gentry worry themselves without occasion. Trust a woman for knowing the value of her own life! This lady of uncertain age, who contemplates the schedule as if it were a plan for her abduction, is not likely to shorten her existence by keeping a rigid account of some superfluous years. Another champion of the sex gives the enumerator the most crushing rebuke in his experience. She has sent her schedule, sealed, to the Registrar-General. Only the eyes of Sir Brydges Henniker shall behold the blushing details of her nativity. When the Registrar-General dies they will be found, no doubt, inscribed upon his heart. As for the wretched minion who has dared to hope that he might be privileged to receive so precious a confidence, let him go home and die of shame! This he probably does, after reflecting that his services to the State are dirt cheap at a guinea. L. F. A.



AT A COMMON LODGING-HOUSE: CONFRONTED BY THE DEPUTY.



THE ENUMERATOR ENDURES SOME CHAFF.



THE LADY OF UNCERTAIN AGE.

TAKING THE CENSUS: EXPERIENCES OF AN ENUMERATOR.



R. TAYLOR & CO.

J. Walter Wilson

MR. PINERO, THE DRAMATIST.

THE MYSTERY OF TIMETABLES.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

The history of the timetable is probably this. When the first one was issued, travellers accepted it in the spirit in which it was produced: as an amusing puzzle with no solution. By-and-by they began to tire of the puzzle, and then a clever advertisement (in the form of a paragraph) appeared in the papers declaring that a gentleman ("whose name and address we are not at liberty to mention") had solved the puzzle, and discovered that timetables really told you when your train started. This revived interest in the subject; several persons wrote to the *Times* maintaining that timetables were for use as well as ornament, and, to be brief, a cry arose that there was more in timetables than met the eye. One man, who only travelled between London and Bristol, while admitting that the timetable was upside down as to that line, held that if he travelled between Manchester and Newcastle he could look up the trains quite easily; a second found that his timetable told him when his train started for Manchester, only it always turned out to be a Sunday train; and a third declared that the timetable would enable him to catch the train for Scotland were it not for alterations made in the beginning of the month. Soon timetables were as much a subject of controversy as Ibsen is to-day. There were the Tableites, as they were called, just as we have the Ibsenites. The Tableites were the out-and-out believers in timetables, the persons who found a profound meaning in every figure. At first they were few in number, while the Anti-Tableites were many; but the minority were enthusiastic over their discovery, and made a creed of it. They wrote plays and novels in which Tableites married and found the missing will, while the Anti-Tableites were left to die at Waterloo Station, looking vainly for the way out. Of course, the Anti-Tableites retorted, going so far as to say that timetables are immoral; but the great general public is ever greedy of a new thing, and soon Tableism was the fashion. At the present moment there is hardly a man or woman in the United Kingdom who would dare to say that he or she knows timetables to be frauds. Yet in what is called our innermost heart we are all aware that timetables remain a puzzle, and that we only carry them about with us and look knowingly at them because it is the national form of swaggering. No one can really look up his train in a timetable.

Then how (the African monarch who is to be the next season's lion might ask) do the great English-speaking people catch their trains, for they certainly do travel a good deal? You, O reader, could answer that question. What is your procedure when you have decided to take a railway journey? It is this. You say to your wife, quite solemnly, that she had better send out for a new timetable. She says, with equal solemnity, that there is a timetable somewhere; and you reply that you must have a new one, as there are sure to be alterations this month. Then you slip out of the house and proceed to St. Pancras, where you bribe or threaten a porter into telling you when your train starts. Returning home, you find the new timetable lying ready for you, and, as soon as your wife enters, you open it and mutter: "Hem! Ha! Very awkward! Just so! Have I time to catch the connection at Normanton? Let me see whether the Great Northern would not suit better," and so on. Finally you say you see that the best train starts at a certain hour.

Do you believe you have deceived your wife? Probably you think there is just a chance of her having been taken in. As a matter of fact, she is aware that timetables are as much a mystery to you as to her, and she knows quite well that you were at St. Pancras an hour ago. But she keeps up the deception. When she married you she knew what men are, and that on the subject of timetables there must be deceit between man and wife if they are to be happy. The ideal couple keep nothing from each other, save this affair of the timetable, and a wise wife, instead of asking her husband why he occasionally looks as if he had a secret on his mind, will understand that he is only feeling guilty of pretending to understand, "See Willesden Junction K*2 for Wednesday and Saturday." The perfect bride undertakes at the altar to love, honour, and obey her husband, and pretend to believe that he can look up his train.

But all wives are not perfect, and one often hears it said of Mr. and Mrs. Such-a-One that they don't get on together. The name usually given to their complaint is incompatibility of temper, but inquiry, which we have no right to make, would prove four times in five that the wife has been so ill-advised as to challenge her husband's knowledge of timetables. Men who will endure a great deal from their wives, and go on reading their paper at breakfast quite placidly, fire up at this. It is the one charge they cannot brook; it takes six inches from the height of a six-footer, and there will be no more happiness in that household until the wife apologises with tears. A little experience will show her that nothing is to be gained by holding up her husband's one weakness to the light, and much by pretending that his skill in reading timetables is a constant marvel to her. Speak of this skill in company when he is present, and there is nothing your husband will deny you. Politicians call each other everything that is bad, and yet one hears now and again that they continue to dine together. The cynical say that this is because politics deadens the conscience, and that seems as good a reason as another. But not even members of Parliament are absolutely hardened. It is notorious that a few of them are not on speaking terms, and that they quarrelled over timetables. "The honourable gentleman is a moral cut-throat, and that is the only moral thing about him," "The honourable and gallant member for Shillelagh is a poltroon," are merely Parliamentary expressions; but tell a member out of the House that he cannot look up his train in a timetable, and he and you are enemies for ever. You cannot bring such a charge against him in the House without being sent to the Clock Tower.

These are all well-known facts, familiar to every reader, but there is a conspiracy of silence about them. Enter a railway compartment, and you find all your fellow-travellers turning over the leaves of their timetable, with the exception, perhaps, of one who has opened his map and is making desperate efforts to close it. You open your timetable, too; but, instead of pretending to understand it, please look over it at these other humbugs. The man in the corner, who has already asked six porters if this is the train for Doncaster, and is still doubtful, sees your eye on him, and says aloud, "Ha! I see we reach Doncaster at 5.30." The man who is resting his feet on your Gladstone bag ostentatiously turns down a corner of his timetable to imply that he has found the page. The third man is boldly pretending that he finds the index a help. And so it goes on, and we all do it, and we are a nation of hypocrites, for not one of us can solve the riddle of the timetables or find out anything from them, save that all the trains are running in the wrong direction. But why not be open, and admit that the timetables are a mystery still?

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A L S (Wokingham).—Game shall appear in an early Number.
J R (Whitley, R. S. O.).—1. P takes B (a Kt), K takes P; 2. Kt to Kt 6th, and mates next move.
A C A J (Coatbridge).—After 1. K takes R, 2. B to Q 4th, Black can reply with K takes B, and no mate follows.
C T BLANSHARD (Birkenhead).—The reply to B takes B is K to K 4th, and there is no mate next move.
C H C (Stroud).—We know of none in the neighbourhood mentioned. "The Chess-players' Annual and Club Directory" is the chief source of information in such matters.
T B ROWLAND (Dublin).—Your book to hand, but want of space prevents reference to it this week. A notice shall appear in our next Number if possible.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2435 to 2438 received from P P Bennie (Melbourne); of No. 2441 from C F S J (Ceylon); of Nos. 2442 to 2444 from O H B (Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2445 from G W von Alren (Wyoming); of No. 2446 from J W Beatty (Toronto) and C W von Alten; of No. 2447 from Rev A Taylor (New York); J W Shaw (Montreal), and J W Beatty; of No. 2448 from E E H, J W Beatty, and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2449 from B D Knox, A W H G (Exeter), J T Pullen (Lancaster), R Hancock, and Arthur Church; of No. 2450 from Shadforth, B D Knox, T G (Ware), J F Moon, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Soher-sides, E E H, L Penfold, W Hanrahan (Ipswich), and D Watson.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2451 received from P Fernando (Dublin), E Watters (Canterbury), A H B, A Newman, R H Brooks, H B Hurford, Dawn, Z Insold (Frankfurt), Mrs. Nish, Mr. Wilson (Plymouth), Bruton, Blair H. Cochrane, T G (Ware), W Miller, Martin F. E. H. Sorrento (Dawlish), Confederates, M Burke, J W Blazg (Chichester), J L Halliwell (Liverpool), G M A B, J T Pullen, E P Valliamy, C A Plaister (Swindon), A Loudon, W T Hurley (Rochester), E J Hawkins, D Watson, Brattley, Columbus, Shadforth, Hereford, L. Dunsen (Barnes), R Hancock, L Schlu (Vienna), J H Garratt (Dublin), J Dixon, Dr F St. E. Edwards, G Joicey, T Roberts, D McEoy (Galway), J Ross (Whitby), H Jex Leiston, H S B (Fairholme), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W R Raitlen, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), W R B (Plymouth), Thomas Chown, G E Perugini, B D Knox, W S Wilson, Tortebesse, W Rigby, L Penfold, J Coad, W Wright, G Jeffery, N Harris, and G J Marchant.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2449.—By C. A. GILBERG.

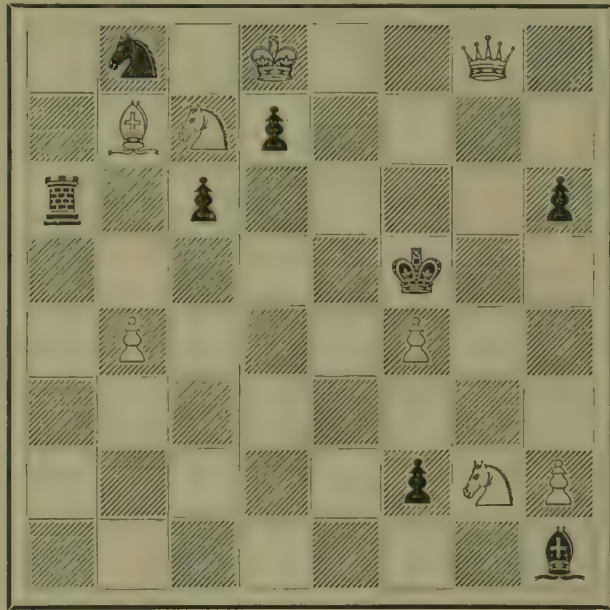
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 4th. K to B 3rd
2. B to Kt 8th. Any move.
3. Q mates

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch); if 1. K to Q 5th, 2. Q to K 2nd; if 1. P to Q 6th, 2. B to Q 4th; and if 1. B to Kt 2nd, 2. Kt to Q Kt 5th, mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2453.

By DR. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

For the following brilliancy we are indebted to the *International Chess Magazine*. Prince DADEN is a well-known exponent of the Muzio Gambit, but in this little gem he quite surpasses himself. The notes are condensed from Mr. Steinitz.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Prince Daden).	BLACK (Count Kreutz).	WHITE (Prince Daden).	BLACK (Count Kreutz).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes B
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	10. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd
3. K Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	11. Q to R 5th	Q takes B P
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	12. Q R to K sq (ch)	K to Q sq
5. Castles	P takes Kt	If Q Kt to K 2nd, White could still keep up a harassing attack by 13. Q to K 5th; P to K B 3rd; 14. Q takes Q B P, threatening B takes Kt, and if it takes B, 16. R takes Kt (ch), K takes R; 17. Kt to Q 5th (ch), and wins the Queen.	
6. Q takes P	Q takes P	13. R takes P	
7. P to K 5th		Having already sacrificed so much, White is bound to press his attack at all hazards, but great ingenuity is hidden in this venture.	
8. P to Q Kt 3rd		14. R to K 5th (ch)	K takes R

One of Alexander McDonnell's happy thoughts, which, considering the large sacrifice already made, and that the opening is usually adopted against weaker players, gives White a very promising attack that generally leads to brilliant terminations.

8. B to R 3rd
The German Handbook analyses Q takes R into a decisively superior game for Black, but the position is difficult, and requires great care.
9. B to Kt 2nd
Quite in keeping with the spirit of the bold attack.

CHESS AT HASTINGS.

One of twenty-five simultaneous games played by the Rev. G. McDONNELL during his recent visit to the Hastings Chess Club.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Rev. G. McD.)	BLACK (Shadforth).	WHITE (Rev. G. McD.)	BLACK (Shadforth).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Opening the Kt's file in this way cannot be recommended with the King so exposed to attack. The Bishop should have retired to B 2nd or Kt sq.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. P takes P	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	17. B takes P	K R to Kt sq
4. B to B 4th	P to K R 3rd	18. B to Kt 3rd	B to B sq
5. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	19. K to R 2nd	
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	No good whatever. Kt to K 2nd is feasible.	
7. Castles	Kt to K 2nd	20. Q to K sq	Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
8. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P	21. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
9. P takes P		22. K to R sq	
White might now have obtained a fine attack by B takes P (ch), K takes B, Kt takes P (ch), K to Kt sq, Kt to B 7th, &c.		White loses many moves with his King. Why not take the Kt off, and play Kt to R 4th and Kt to K B 5th?	
10. P to K 5th	Q to B 2nd	23. Q R to Kt sq	B takes Kt
11. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	24. Q takes B	Kt to K 6th
P takes P (en passant) seems better, when the game might have gone as follows—Q takes P; 12. B takes P (ch), K takes B; 13. Kt to K 4th, Q to B 2nd; 14. Kt to K 5th (ch), K to Kt sq; 15. Q to R 5th, and should win.		25. K R to K sq	Kt to Q B 5th
12. B to K 3rd	B to K 3rd	26. B takes Kt	P takes B
13. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	27. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
14. P to Q Kt 4th	Castles (Q R)	28. K to R 2nd	Q takes P
15. P to Q R 4th	P to B 5th	29. Q to Kt 4th	Q takes Kt (ch)
16. P takes P		White resigns.	

At the annual meeting of the City of London Chess Club, held on March 31, Mr. J. Kershaw was elected president; Mr. H. F. Gastineau, treasurer; Mr. G. Adamson, secretary; and Messrs. Block, Brown, Coupland, Crawford, Cutler, Heppell, Hoare, James, Moriau, Redpath, Ross, Smith, Watts, and Woon, members of the committee. The report and balance sheet, which were read to the meeting, showed the club to be in a prosperous state.

A triangular contest, sixteen a side, between the St. George's, the British, and the City of London Chess Clubs, has been arranged to come off in the first fortnight in May.

The handicap tournament of the Plymouth Chess Club resulted as follows: E. J. Winter Wood, 1; Carslake W. Wood, 2; the Rev. R. H. Fison, 3. There were fifty entries, and 196 games were played in the contest, which was very keen, and lasted three months.

MR. A. W. PINERO AT HOME.

Mr. Pinero never writes nowadays save to make his mark in dramatic literature, and it is therefore superfluous to do more than record the success of "Lady Bountiful." Nor, on the other hand, does its production represent a new period in Mr. Pinero's career as a writer of plays. It shows him the same brilliant and accomplished writer, the same acute observer of the life with which he is familiar, the same ready and eccentric humourist, the same master of his art. There has been no further development of the more poignant note of "The Profligate." Perhaps there is some deliberateness in Mr. Pinero's reversion to the easy cheerfulness and bright atmosphere, the "meliorism" of "Sweet Lavender." Mr. Pinero is not a "realist," at all events when you recall to him the chief modern masters of realism. Of Zola he says shrewdly that he is a man who looks on life from one window only, "and that with a north aspect." Nor, while he speaks with the utmost respect of Ibsen's powers as a writer, does he approve either of his theories or his dramatic methods. According to Mr. Pinero, Ibsen's thinking is out of date, and his dramatic observation is either wrong or hopelessly inadequate. "He remembers a certain type which he saw in Norway, but which he has forgotten in Munich, and now he does not observe at all. His men and women are not real. They are simply vehicles for the communication of Ibsen's ideas on life—designed to illustrate intellectual problems; but they are not dramatic figures in any way. Then, too, his treatment of such questions as heredity is all wrong. Why should he not show the triumph over bad hereditary tendencies, which would be quite as true to life as the yielding to them?"

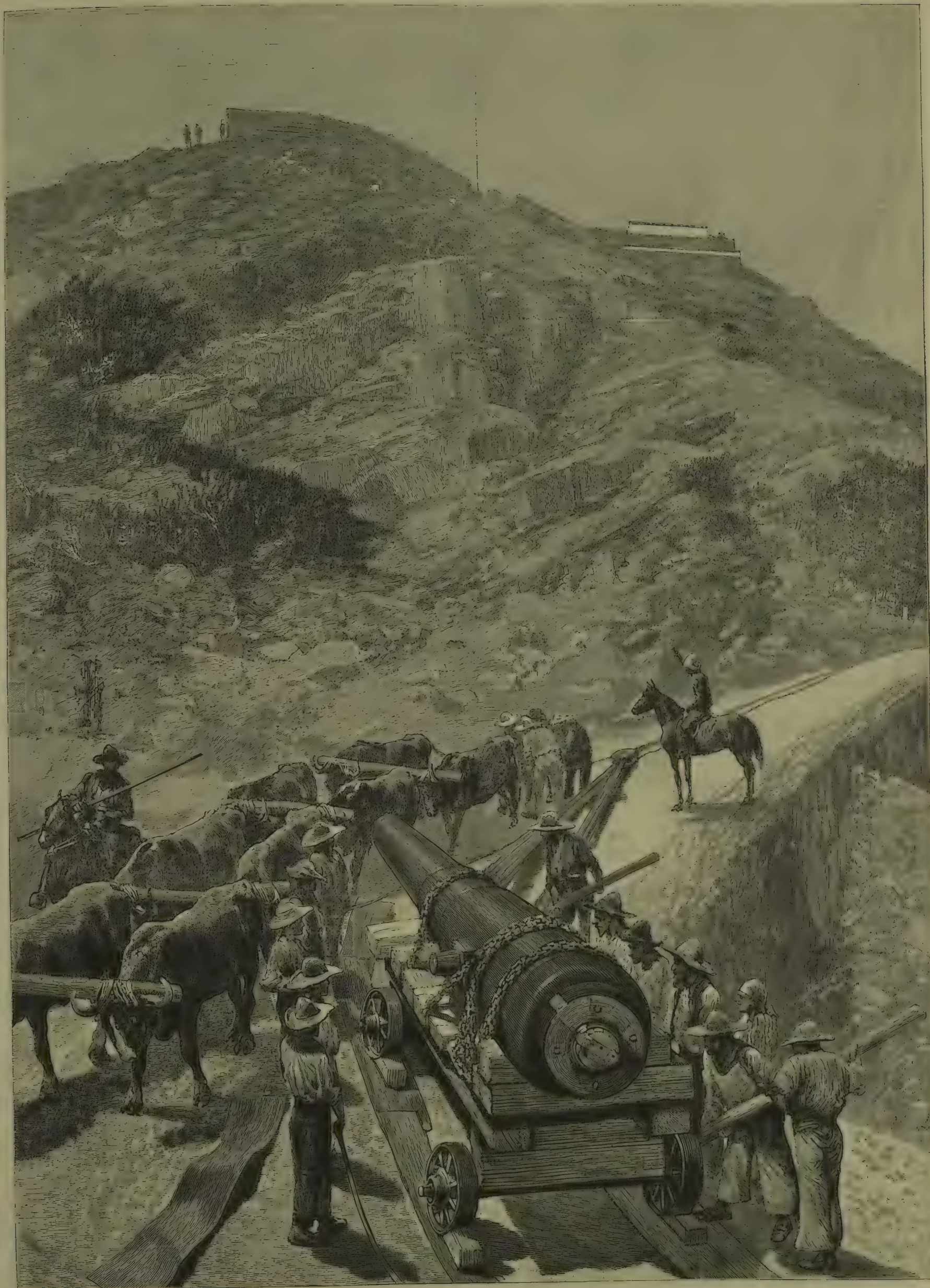
In these and other rapid comments on the new lights in literature and the drama, Mr. Pinero gives in a measure the key to the bent of his own genius. He has formally discarded the strict comedy of manners, and has substituted a mixture of farce and comedy. He mingles the result of his observations of life, coloured as they are by an eccentric humour, with a general view, conventional indeed, but struck through now and then with a vein of serious or, as in "The Profligate," tragic purpose. In all things he aims at balance—he would see life clearly, "and see it whole." He professes to have no choice of subjects. He would take them, gay or sad, as he found them, while rejecting Zola's addiction to purely miserable or vicious types. As to method, again, he has no plan for the formal structure of a play. He sees men and women, and they suggest dramatic situations. When the play is in the making, it is allowed to develop according to its characters—one act suggests another, and so to the end. Much of Mr. Pinero's marvellous gift of dramatic workmanship is, no doubt, traceable to his own experience on the boards. It was while he was playing in Mr. Irving's company at the Lyceum that he got his first chance as an author, which resulted in a cheque for fifty pounds from Mr. Irving, and was the beginning of a career of almost unexampled brilliancy. "The Squire" was, perhaps, its first notable landmark. Its next great event was the series of comedy-farces, which revealed a new dramatic line, and enriched modern stage-literature with "Dandy Dick," "The Hobby Horse," and "The Magistrate." The 250th night of "The Magistrate" is commemorated by a pair of candlesticks, the gift of Arthur Cecil and John Clayton, which stand in Mr. Pinero's dining-room in the pretty house in St. John's Wood. All of them will bear hearing and rehearsing, if only for the extreme adroitness of their workmanship, the clean-cut dialogue, the delightful finish of the entire setting. They are not serious; and yet they are not outside life. They are half in the busy world and half beyond it.

The personality of this wonderfully gifted man is not less impressive than his work. The face, as you watch it closely, is a fine oval, with mind and character stamped firmly on it. Mr. Pinero comes of a family of Portuguese Jews, called Pinheiro; and his ancestors have given him the dark, clear, ruddy-brown of his complexion, his keen black eyes, and the delicately shaped upper features—a face full of colour and expression. The same suggestion of colour comes out in the dress, which is neat almost to a fault; and in the arrangements of the tiny room, by name the "tunnel," which was the workshop for "Sweet Lavender" and "The Profligate." The walls bear copious witness to Mr. Pinero's profession and career. Here is an engraving of Tom Robertson; there a caricature of Mr. Pinero, the eyebrows quaintly exaggerated; there again a portrait of him as Sir Anthony Absolute, which he played for his own recasting of "The Rivals" seven years ago. The books show the scholar and the student, working always, with careful method, on the lines in which experience and the bent of talent have led him. The knowledge of law which many of Mr. Pinero's plays exhibit is not, however, the result of reading. His father was a famous solicitor in his day, and the son was managing clerk in a lawyer's office when, a mere youth, he engaged himself to play the smallest of parts at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, for one pound a week. The basis of Mr. Pinero's success, however, is the mixture of thoroughness and brilliancy in his work. He is always on the look-out for subjects, and when he has got a groundwork he spares no pains in perfecting his pattern. He is constant at rehearsals, and does a great deal of work at them. He loves dogs and cricket. It is only a step from his house to Lord's, and his face is one of the most familiar on the ground; and it is easy to see how much he is attached to the pretty home to which he has given an air of almost quaint seclusion. His work is so good—so fine—that one sometimes regrets its almost flawless neatness, and wishes for it a wilder, less rounded strain.

H. W. M.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE.

There is no recent news of any important military or naval movements in the conflict between President Balmaceda and the adverse party of the Constitutional Legislature or Congress. The northern coast towns and provinces remain in the possession of the latter party, wielding the Chilean fleet as their principal or only available weapon, and collecting revenue from the export of nitrate. It is said that a Government vessel with troops and arms from the garrisons of Santiago and Valparaiso, arriving at Iquique, has been seized, and that the troops have joined the forces of the Congress, but the bulk of the army still adheres to Balmaceda. The defences of Valparaiso, with the forts commanding the harbour, are considered far too strong for a naval attack. Their batteries have been increased by the addition of powerful Armstrong breech-loading guns, each weighing twenty-one tons. Our illustration shows the work of hoisting one of these guns up to Fort Valdivia, which was performed in January, while the hostile ships were blockading the harbour.



THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE: HAULING A 21-TON ARMSTRONG GUN UP TO FORT VALDIVIA, VALPARAISO.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1887), with a codicil (dated June 30, 1888), of Mr. John Jackson, late of The Lawn, Willington, Sussex, and 11 and 12, Clements Lane, E.C., contractor for public works, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on March 25 by George Henry Branson and George Nelson Emmet, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £303,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Anne Sophia Jackson, and states that he has made due provision for her by settlement. He directs £3000 to be set aside and applied in payment of his debts, and in the maintenance, education, and bringing up of his children under twenty-one. As to the residue of his property, he leaves two thirds, upon trust, for his sons, and one third, upon trust, for his daughters.

The will (dated July 23, 1889), with two codicils (dated Feb. 11 and June 17, 1890), of Mr. John Wilson, J.P., D.L., late of Seacroft Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 29, has been proved at the Wakefield District Registry by Darcy Bruce Wilson and Arthur Henry Wilson, the sons, and the Rev. William Archibald Spooner, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £199,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £400, in addition to the moneys settled upon her on her marriage, one third of his wine, plate, and furniture, and £500 to be paid her immediately upon his decease, to his wife; £500 apiece to his nieces, Cecily and Olivia Macleod; £100 each to the Rev. R. E. Bassett, the Rev. John Hephher, and Mr. John Townend; £50 to his coachman; £20 to each of his indoor servants and grooms who have been two years in his service previous to his decease, and other legacies. To each of his daughters, Constance Eade and Louisa Wilson, he gives an annuity of £100. His estates in Seacroft, Roundhay, Austhorpe, Mauston, and elsewhere in Yorkshire, except the Coach House Farm, he devises to the uses of his marriage settlement. The Coach House Farm, and all other his real and personal estate, he devises, upon trusts, for sale, and after payment thereof of his debts, funeral expenses, legacies, and annuities, to set apart for his younger son, Arthur Henry Wilson, £15,000; for his daughter Constance Eade, £4250, in addition to the money which he settled on her upon her marriage; for his daughter Louisa, £11,000; and, subject thereto, to hold the remaining trust moneys for the absolute benefit of his eldest son, Darcy Bruce Wilson.

The will (dated July 1, 1890), with two codicils (dated Nov. 8 and Dec. 10 following), of Mr. George Pollard Thomas, late of 177, Maida Vale and of 36, St. James Street, boot and spur maker, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on March 2 by Mrs. Eleanor Thomas, the widow, and Michael Carteighe, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £172,000. The testator gives an annuity of £1200, a legacy of £250, and all the furniture, plate, wines, effects, horses and carriages at his private residence, to his wife; and legacies to grandchildren and others, including the "indoor" men at his place of business. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one sixth, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Thomas, for life, and then for her daughter, May Thomas, but if his son Francis Michael succeeds to a share of the goodwill of his business, under a certain agreement, then this one sixth share is to be reduced one half, and such half is to go in the same way as the other five sixths; one sixth, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ellen Macklin, for life, and then for her children or remoter descendants, as she shall appoint; one sixth to each of his sons George William and Harry Alma, absolutely; one sixth, upon trust, for his

daughter Mrs. Ada Mary Adams, for life, and then for her children or remoter descendants, as she shall appoint; and one sixth, upon trust, for his stepdaughter, Annette Julia Macklin, for life, and then for his children, except his sons Leopold Pollard and Francis Michael.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1889), with two codicils (dated Feb. 24 and Sept. 30, 1890), of Mr. George Blagden, late of 50, Tollington Park, Hornsey Road, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on March 21 by William George Blagden and Charles Washington Blagden, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £99,000. The testator bequeaths four fifths of his furniture, plate, and effects between his sons William George, Charles Washington, Joseph, and Thomas, and one fifth between his grandchildren George Rupert, Frank George Percival, and Isabel, the children of his son George; £5000 in satisfaction of his covenant in the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Eliza Von der Osten, and a further sum of £5000 to her; £15,000 to his said son William George; £14,000 to his said son Charles Washington; an annuity of £200 to his son Thomas; £8000, upon trust, to pay the income, so long as his trustees shall think necessary, to his son Joseph and his wife Clara Maria; £7000, upon trust, for his said three grandchildren; an annuity of £130 to his man-servant William Tissington; and legacies to female domestic servants. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one fifth to each of his sons William George, Charles Washington, Joseph, and Thomas; and one fifth, upon trust, for his said three grandchildren, but his trustees may, at their discretion, pay an annuity thereout to his son George. The testator states he has taken into account in his testamentary dispositions various sums advanced or settled upon his children.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1891) of Miss Ann Cooper, late of Oakfield Lawn, Reigate, who died on Feb. 19, was proved on March 20 by William Cooper and the Rev. Henry Richard Cooper Smith, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £75,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property, real and personal, she leaves equally among her nephews and nieces, Catherine Cooper, William Cooper, Mary Harker, John Eggar Cooper, Charles Edward Cooper, Frances Ann Cooper, Jane Cooper Smith, Margaret Anne Smith, Louisa Martha Smith, Henry Richard Cooper Smith, and Elizabeth Mary Church.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1891) of Mr. Richard Basset, J.P., D.L., late of Bonvilstone House, near Cardiff, and of Ivy House, East Woodhay, Hants, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 25 by Mrs. Honor Georgiana Basset, the widow, John Glynn Richards Homfray, and the Rev. Arthur Trosse Fortescue, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator devises all his lands and hereditaments, except the Ivy House estate and the Bonvilstone House estate, to go with his settled estates; and the Ivy House estate to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children or grandchildren by her, as she shall appoint; in default of children, it is to go to his son, Ralph Thurstan Basset. He appoints two sums in settlement, amounting together to £10,000, as to one half, upon trust, for his daughter Ann Maria Rosamont Hardwicke, and as to the other half, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Elizabeth Constance MacDonald. His furniture, plate, and effects, horses and carriages, and farming stock at Ivy House, and all his ready money and the money standing to his credit at his bankers, he bequeaths to his wife. The Bonvilstone House estate and the

residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, then for his children by her in equal shares, and in default of children to his said son.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1888) of Mr. Henry Barrow, late of the United Hotel, Charles Street, Haymarket, who died on March 12, at Nice, was proved on March 24 by Mrs. Rebecca Green and Mrs. Mary Parker, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to each of his said two sisters; £500 to his cousin, Sarah Ann Barrow; £1000 to his half-brother, William Henry Barrow; and £1000 each to Laura Shipton, Gertrude Green, Maude Green, Frederick Green, and Alfred Green, the children of his sister Mrs. Rebecca Green. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be equally divided between Mary Amelia King, William Parker, Alice Hunt, and Henry Carson, the children and grandchildren of his sister, Mrs. Mary Parker.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 11, 1889), of the Rev. James Garnett Headlam, late of 8, York Road, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 20 by the Rev. Stewart Duckworth Headlam, the nephew, and Mrs. Constance Coote, the niece, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal property equally between his nephews, the Rev. Stewart Duckworth Headlam and the Rev. Alfred Headlam (since deceased), and his niece, Mrs. Constance Coote, the share of his niece to be held, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for her children.

The will of Mr. John Lewis Philipps, J.P., late of Bolabaul, Llangwnnor, Carmarthenshire, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on March 19 by Mrs. Arabella Catherine Philipps, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2956.

The annual Amateur Art Exhibition will take place on May 26, 27, and 28, at Bath House, 82, Piccadilly, by the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brassey, for the benefit of the Parochial Mission Women's Fund and the Working Ladies' Guild. It is intended this year to make the exhibition as far as possible representative of all kinds of artistic amateur work. Intending exhibitors should communicate with the hon. secretaries, Lady Elizabeth Cust and Mrs. Maxwell Lyte, at 13, Eccleston Square, S.W.

The enterprising physiologists of the United States are determined to add another penalty to the many which now attach to popularity. Dr. William Pepper, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, is, Philadelphia journals tell us, at the head of a movement for the formation of a commission whose object it will be to examine the brains of great men after death. The work has been going on for some time, and Dr. Pepper's secretary is, it is said, in daily receipt of replies to letters sent to celebrities in the United States and other countries in furtherance of the scheme.

Sir Julius Vogel, ex-Premier of New Zealand, has put forward a somewhat novel proposal for the relief of the Newfoundlanders in the present crisis in their affairs. He points to the French State bounties on fish exports from the French settlements of St. Pierre and Miquelon as the chief cause of trouble, inasmuch as they drive Newfoundland fish out of the market. "Why not, then," says Sir Julius, "let counteracting bounties be put upon Newfoundland fish exports? France would soon come to terms under such an arrangement." But what would Free Trade Englishmen say to such an act of commercial retaliation?

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("PICKWICK PAPERS.")

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Vinolia Shaving Soap.—1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per Stick; Flat Cakes in Porcelain-lined Metal Boxes, 2s.

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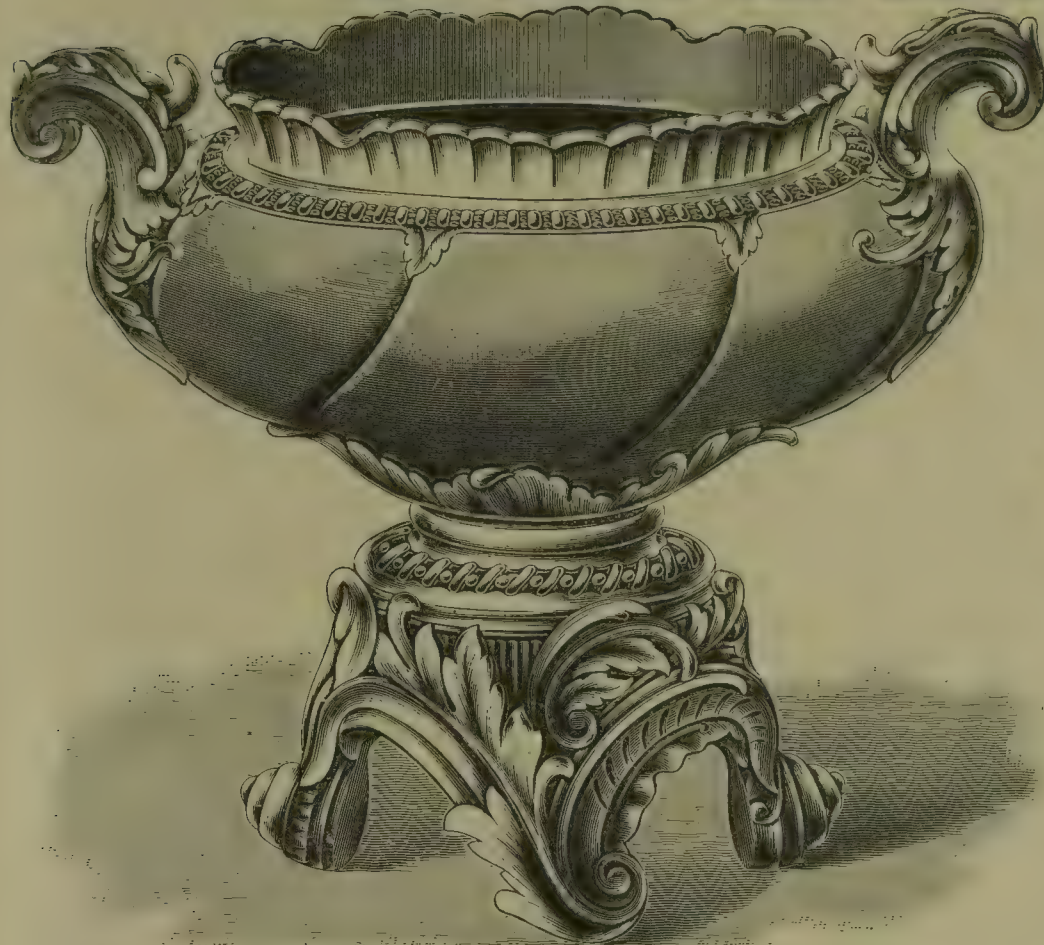
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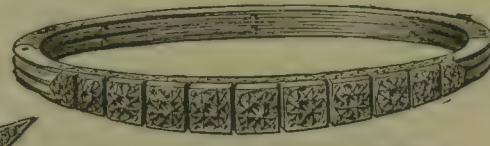
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PANTOMIME FIN DE SIÈCLE.

BY A. B. WALKLEY.

The art of pure pantomime is not what a vain people suppose. It has nothing to do with the red-hot poker of Mr. Harry Payne or the umbrella-squirt of the two Macs. What it really is the curious have now the opportunity of discovering at two playhouses in London. At neither house will they find an English entertainment. We English have never had a velleity for expressive gesture; for that we must go to the Latin races. The pantomime at the Prince of Wales's, "L'Enfant Prodigue," by MM. Michel Carré fils and André Wormser, is French; the pantomime in the second act of Gluck's "Orfeo" at Covent Garden is Italian. At the risk of vexing the patriots, in whose æsthetic vocabulary the epithet "un-English" is a term of vituperation, I must declare that these two performances are the most delectable entertainments, the most piquant, the most suggestive, to be seen at this moment within the walls of a London theatre. Suggestive they are, for—unmistakable mark of all true works of art—they suggest even more than they realise. This recrudescence of pantomime is a sign of the times. The pessimists, especially the pessimists of tender years, who find that they have been born too late into a world over-weary, will see in it a proof of dramatic decadence. All old, or senescent, literatures, these will say, inevitably tend to one of two bad ends—the circus or pantomime. Do we not find, in decadent France, M. Edmond de Goncourt confessing in his diary that he cannot abide the playhouse, and finds his sole intellectual refreshment in the circus? And did we not, in our fourth-form days, read of Nero, in decadent Rome, causing the adventures of Europa, Leda, Pasiphae, and other "free ladies" (not to be mentioned within ear-shot of the Lord Chamberlain) to be acted before him in pantomime? But we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us, as the Master of Trinity observed—and perhaps the youthful pessimists are wrong about pantomime. It may not be a symptom of decay, as they think, but, as the optimists contend, of rejuvenescence, of a healthy return to first principles in dramatic art. Diderot, an optimist of the optimists, was a firm believer in pantomime. He had a crafty way of making all actors pantomimists, in spite of themselves. Taking a seat as remote as possible from the stage, he would thrust his fingers into his ears, and then, to the astonishment of his neighbours, watch the performance with the keenest interest. "They could not refrain," he says in

his "Letter on the Deaf and Dumb," "from hazarding questions, to which I answered coldly 'that everybody had his own way of listening, and that my way was to stop my ears, so as to understand better.'" Well, at the Prince of Wales's we may share Diderot's enjoyment without the necessity for stopping our ears, and rediscover for ourselves the truth which he enunciated (in a letter to Voltaire), "that silence and pantomime have sometimes a pathos that all the resources of speech can never approach." For, strange as it may seem when the grimacing, flour-besmeared, drolly attired Pierrot is in question, the dominant impression one gets from the Pierrot who is the eponymous hero of "L'Enfant Prodigue" is an impression of pathos, of the Virgilian "sense of tears in human things." A very human thing, indeed, is Pierrot, as played by Mlle. Jane May. Pierrot is as human as Ally Sloper—and not so vulgar. He is as childlike and bland as the Heathen Chinee—and not so subtle. He is as weak as flesh, "if not weaker"—like the wooden leg of the gentleman in "Martin Chuzzlewit." He is—like one of Mr. Clement Scott's confrères—a "young egotist." He is—like Oswald Alving—an unscrupulous devotee of the *joie de vivre*. Though he breaks open Papa Pierrot's cash-box and wastes his substance in riotous living with the fascinating Phrynette, we bring him in innocent. A thing of ingenuous vices and involuntary virtues, we declare him irresponsible. Hate him we cannot. When he returns home (in the snow, of course), and Madame Pierrot takes him to her ample bosom, we drop a sympathetic tear; when Papa Pierrot is angry with him we are not surprised, but when Papa ceases to be angry with him we are exceeding glad. In the end, we forgive him; for, in forgiving him, we forgive ourselves. You see, he is so very human, and (this is a concession to the patriots) so very French. Who but a French prodigal would think of eloping with a Temple "laundress," if you can! And who but a French prodigal would think of retrieving his forfeited honour by enlisting in a passing regiment? "L'Enfant Prodigue," in effect, is a debauch of French sentimentality; and the tears you shed will have to be labelled (like Blanche Amory's) "*Mes larmes*."

But it is not all tears. There is humour in the piece—the broad humour of M. Courtès as Papa Pierrot, the typical French *bourgeois*; the gentle humour of Madame Schmidt, his spouse; the frolic humour of Mlle. Zanfretta as Phrynette; and the boulevard, or front page of the *Vie Parisienne*, humour of M. Gouget as the amorous baron who supplants Pierrot in Phrynette's mercenary affections. All this humour finds its

expression in dumb show—dumb show so delicate, so varicose, so persuasive, as to give a fresh significance to Hamlet's contempt for "words, words, words." As for the humour of M. André Wormser's music, that, as Mr. Andrew Lang would say, is a separate ecstasy. The whole performance is a masterpiece of curious felicity.

In the House of Pantomime there are many mansions; and the miming of Mlle. Jane May in "L'Enfant Prodigue" is not in the least like the miming of Mlle. Giulia Ravogli in the Elysium of Gluck's "Orfeo." The one figure is a silhouette by Caran d'Ache, the other a statue of Phidias. Why drag in Phidias? Well, I do not know how otherwise to describe the classic severity, breadth, nobility of Mlle. Ravogli's pantomime in the scene wherein Orpheus, among the Happy Shades, seeks by touch to single out the wife whom he may not see. But the two figures, Orpheus and Pierrot, have one thing in common. They open up infinite vistas of suggestion; we see through them many more things than we see in them. Through Pierrot, with his late nineteenth-century associations of M. Willette and the "Chat Noir," we see the old Bible story, and, beyond that, right into the heart of still older human nature. Through Gluck's Orpheus we see the powdered, periwigged, patched circle to which he first sang his stately measures, and, beyond that, we see one of the very oldest *contes bleus* of the world, "older than any history that is written in any book." Indeed, the Orpheus legend, I suppose Professor Balloonatics Crainoerax would tell us, is a sun-myth. And so these two pantomimes send us soaring through the ages.

Some enterprising manager might give us a series of familiar stage classics in pantomime form. A capital start might be made, for instance, with "The School for Scandal." There is really no necessity nowadays for the actors to speak Sheridan's words: we all know them by heart. That, perhaps, is the reason why some actors substitute their own "gags" for the genuine "old Sherry." *Ce n'est pas de Tacquetville; c'est de moi.* But it has not occurred to Mr. Charles Wyndham, in his revival of the old piece at the Criterion, to be so greatly daring. He is content to give us the dialogue, *ore rotundo*, in the fearless old fashion. Shall I confess it? After the hundredth hearing, I am beginning to find this Sheridanian dialogue just a little tiresome. Of course, one always has the resource of throwing the blame on the actors. But that is a stale expedient—and rather hard on Mr. Wyndham. It is better to try the Diderotian experiment, and, stopping one's ears, to turn the Criterion company into pantomimists in spite of themselves.

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OBITUARY.

LORD ALBERT SEYMOUR.

Lord Albert Charles Seymour, late of the Scots Guards, and at one time A.D.C. to H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, died on March 24, at his mother's residence in Eaton Square. He was born in 1847, and the late Prince Consort stood sponsor at his baptism. Adopting a military life, he entered the Scots Guards, and retired in 1887 with the honorary rank of Colonel. He married, in 1872, Sarah, only daughter of Captain John Moore Napier, son of General Sir George Thomas Napier, K.C.B., and leaves issue.

SIR THOMAS SOWLER.

Sir Thomas Sowler, J.P. for Manchester, President of the National Association of Journalists, died on April 4, at Victoria Park, aged seventy-three. He was second son of Mr. Thomas Sowler, of Manchester, and received his education at Manchester Grammar School. He was proprietor of the *Manchester Courier*, and for many years was connected with the local interests of the great city in which he resided, especially the Volunteer movement, becoming Hon. Colonel 7th Lancashire Volunteer Artillery. In 1886 he contested Manchester as a Conservative, but unsuccessfully. His knighthood dates from 1890. Sir Thomas Sowler married, in 1866, Emily, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Yates, of Manchester.

SIR FRANCIS MURPHY.

Sir Francis Murphy, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Victoria, died at Melbourne, Australia, on March 29, aged eighty-two. He was son of Mr. Francis D. Murphy, of Cork, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and went to New South Wales in 1836. In 1851 he was returned to the first Parliament of Victoria, and in 1856 became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and so continued for fourteen years. He married, in 1839, Agnes, daughter of Mr. David Reid, R.N., of Inverary Park, New South Wales. Knighthood was conferred on him in 1860. He was Major of the Victorian Volunteers, and J.P. for Victoria.

MR. THOMAS CHARLES BARING, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Charles Baring, M.A., of High Beech, Essex, M.P. for the City of London, died at Rome on April 2. He was born May 16, 1831, the eldest son of the Right Rev. Charles Baring, D.D., Bishop of Durham, and nephew of the first Lord Northbrook; was educated at Harrow, and at Wadham College, Oxford, and became a Fellow of Brasenose. After passing some years as a banker in New York, he joined, as partner, the great

firm of Baring Brothers and Co., and remained so for many years. At the time of his death he was chairman of Baring Brothers and Co., Limited. He entered Parliament in 1874, for South Essex, and joined the Conservative Party. In 1885 he lost his seat, but in 1887 was returned for the City of London. He wrote "Pindar in English Rhyme," "The System of Epicurus," and other works. He married, in 1859, Susan Carter, daughter of Mr. Robert Browne Minturn, of New York, and leaves surviving issue, two sons and three daughters.

MR. JOHN HOLMS.

Mr. John Holms, J.P. and D.L., late M.P. for Hackney, died at 16, Cornwall Gardens, on March 31, aged sixty. He was first sent to Parliament, as the colleague of Mr. Fawcett, in 1868, and in Mr. Gladstone's second Administration was one of the Lords of the Treasury, and also Secretary to the Board of Trade.

MR. W. P. PRICE.

Mr. William Philip Price, J.P. and D.L., of Tibberton Court, in the county of Gloucester, died on March 31, aged seventy-four. He served as High Sheriff for his county in 1849, and sat for some years in the House of Commons for the city of Gloucester, being closely identified with all local matters. The firm of Price, Walker, and Co., of Gloucester, is well known. In 1873, Mr. Price, having been for some time Chairman of the Midland Railway Company, was appointed a Railway Commissioner. He married, in 1837, Frances Anne, daughter of Mr. John Chadborn, and leaves, with other issue, a son, William Edwin, Major 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, formerly M.P. for Tewkesbury.

COLONEL BINGHAM.

Colonel Richard Hippisley Bingham of Melcombe Bingham, in the county of Dorset, J.P. and D.L., Hon. Colonel Dorset Militia, retired major in the Indian Army, died on March 16, in his eighty-seventh year. This gentleman, the representative of the old English family of Bingham, junior branches of which have been ennobled under the titles of Lucan and Clanmorris, succeeded to the property of Melcombe Bingham at the decease of his brother, the Rev. George Bingham, in 1838. He married, in 1836, Harriet Georgiana, daughter of the Rev. Montagu John Wynward, B.D., rector of West Rounton, but leaves no issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. John Bourke, M.A., for fifty-four years Vicar of Kilmeaden, near Waterford, aged seventy-eight. He was the

only surviving son of the late Hon. and Rev. George Theobald Bourke, Rector of Kilmacow, Kilkenny, brother of the fourth Earl of Mayo, G.C.H.

James Bond Clarke, senior Major, the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), at Lucknow, aged forty-five. After joining his regiment in India he took part in the Abyssinian campaign, and received the service medal. He was the elder surviving son of the late James Addison Clarke, D.L., J.P., of Summer Hill and The Laund, near Lancashire.

Mr. Edward Waugh, J.P., formerly (from 1880 to 1885) M.P. for Cokermonth, a solicitor of the first respectability there, on March 26, in his seventy-fifth year. He was son of Mr. John Lamb Waugh of Seat Hill, Cumberland, and was married, in 1843, to Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. Thomas Liddell, of Bousted Hill.

The Rev. Archibald Neil Campbell MacLachlan, M.A. (Oxon), for thirty years vicar and patron of Newton Valence, only son of the late Lieutenant-General Archibald MacLachlan, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. Neil Campbell of Duntroon Castle, and nephew and heir of his uncle, Mr. Lachlan MacLachlan, M.P., on March 25, aged seventy-one.

The annual judging of the young entry, twenty-one couples, of the Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds took place on April 3, at the Kennels, Stratford St. Mary, Colchester. The judges were Mr. R. B. Colvin, Master of the East Essex Hounds; and Mr. King, Master of the Suffolk.

At the Royal Institute of British Architects, on Monday, April 6, Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, read a paper on "Origin and Mutation in Indian and Eastern Architecture." He described the original and typical forms, and the subsequent modifications, especially in domes and roofs, of notable Oriental edifices, and on the features of the spire in the Sikhara of the Hindu temple, the Buddhist chaitya, and the Chinese pagoda, which last he traced back to the Buddhist stupa or tope. Examples were cited also from Afghanistan and Central Asia, including the caves at Penjdeh and at Haibak, near the ancient Balkh; the latter having been excavated in imitation of structural domes, closely resembling the domes of Sassanian remains in Mesopotamia. In India, the circular and curved lines of architecture, which were not structural arches, were traced back to the use of timber, which was, no doubt, the primitive building material of India. The lecture was of much interest.

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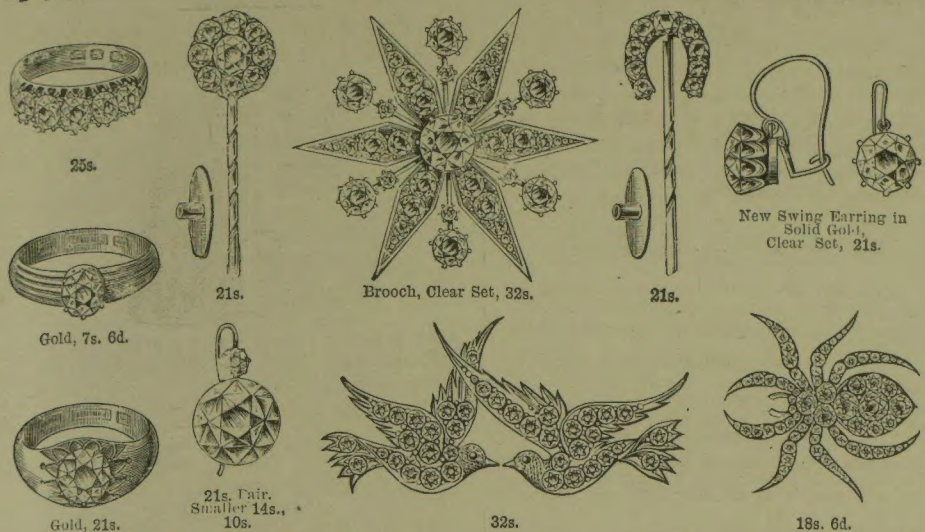
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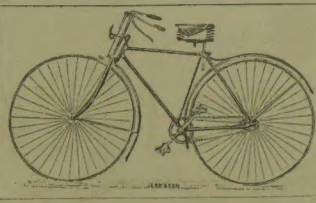
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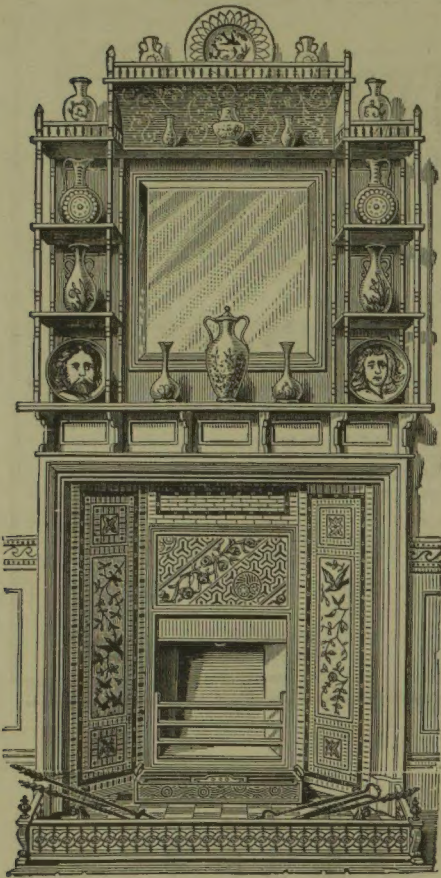
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CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."

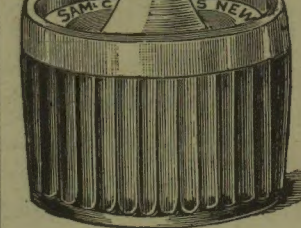
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes
containing 8 lights. 3d. per Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST
TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.

THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS
FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST,
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.
IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.
TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY.
USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

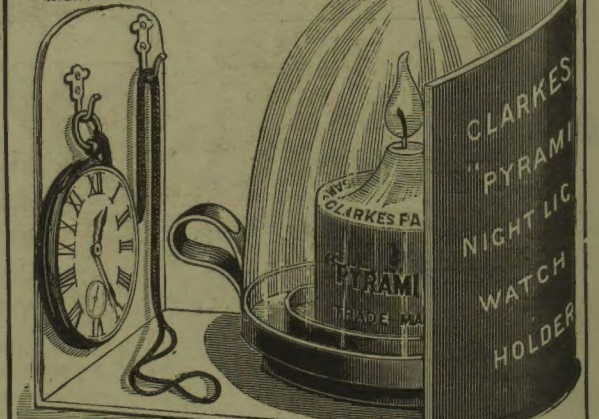
CLARKE'S PATENT THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.



As used by Her Majesty the Queen.
"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing
6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours
each. 1s. per box.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d.
Invaluable at every bedside.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD. LONDON. Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.
WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.